



SCREWBALLS IN SKIRTS!



NOV.-
DEC.

PURPLE CAMPS

10¢



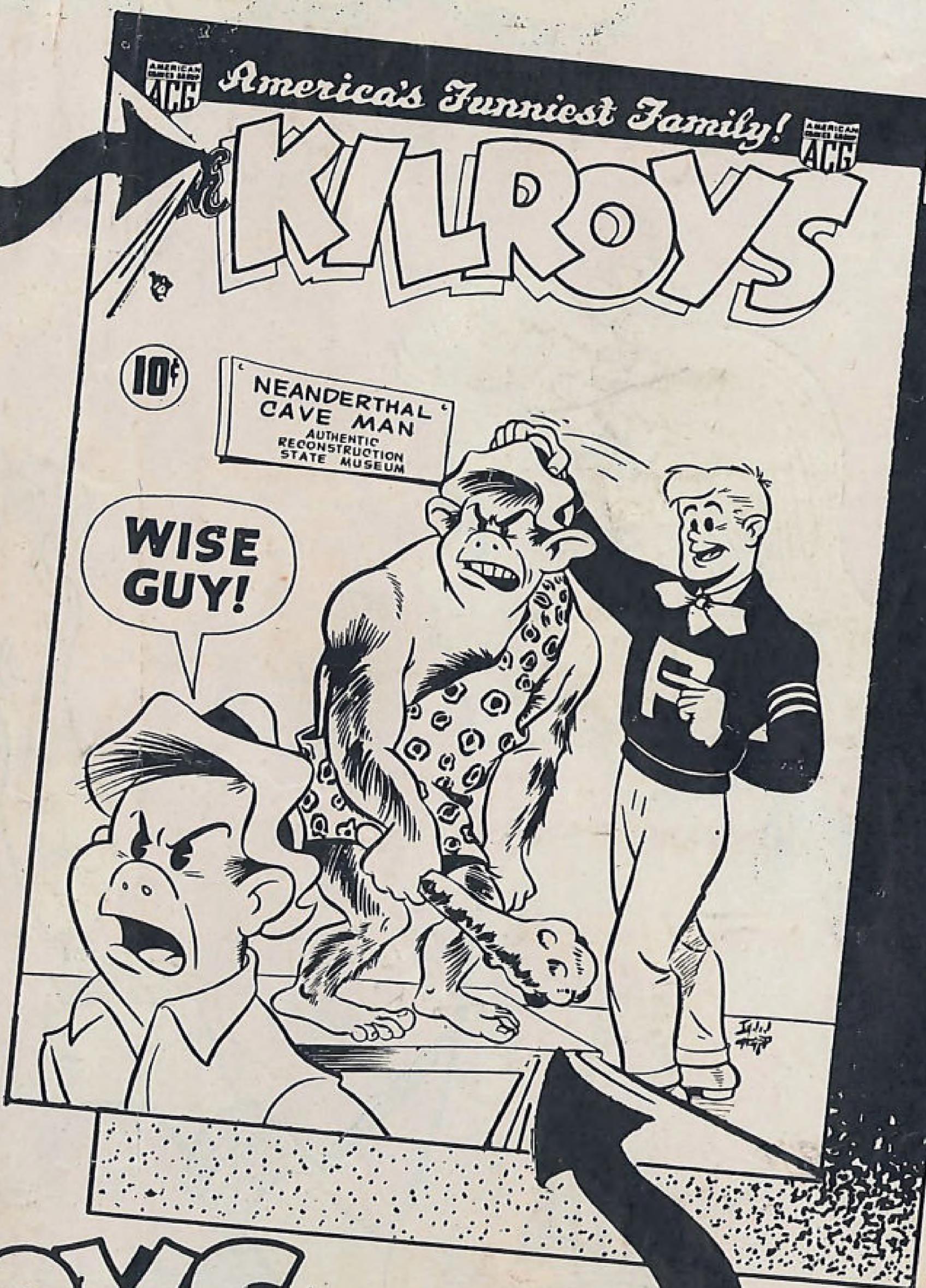
KILROY IS HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO 'NATCH', THE TERRIFIC TEEN-AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE LOVIN' OVEN "JACKSON", THE DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB--AND MOM AND POP KILROY, IN PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT TO SAY KILROY WAS HERE, AND MEAN IT,



Read The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

ON ALL STANDS and

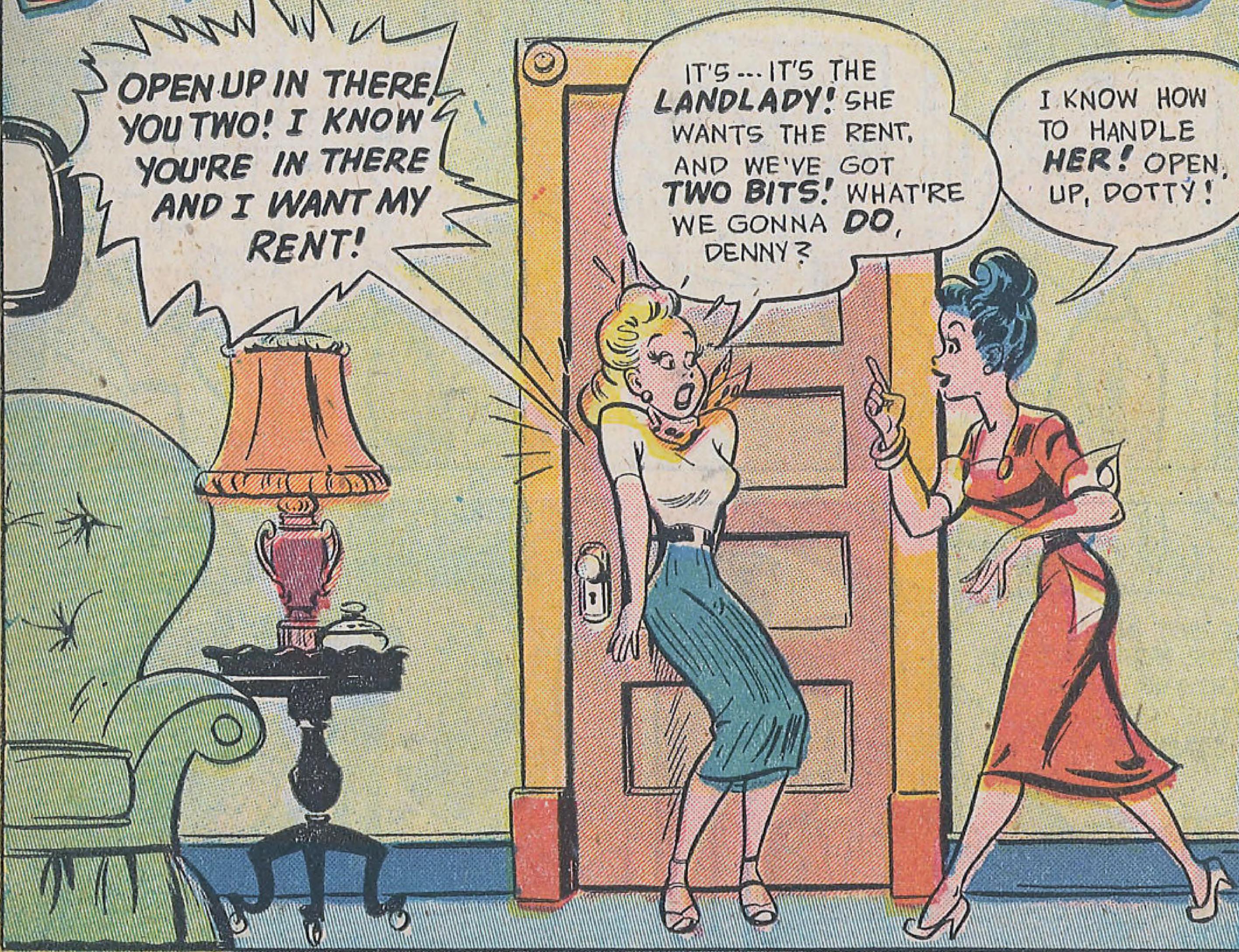
YOU'D BETTER HURRY!

BROADWAY BABES

OPEN UP IN THERE,
YOU TWO! I KNOW
YOU'RE IN THERE
AND I WANT MY
RENT!

IT'S... IT'S THE
LANDLADY! SHE
WANTS THE RENT,
AND WE'VE GOT
TWO BITS! WHAT'RE
WE GONNA DO,
DENNY?

I KNOW HOW
TO HANDLE
HER! OPEN
UP, DOTTY!



GOOD NEWS, MRS. MURPHY!

YA GOT MY
RENT.
HUH?

QUIT CHANGIN' THE
SUBJECT! --- NOW,
DO YOU WANNA
HEAR THE
GOOD NEWS
OR **NOT?**

IF YOU'VE GOT
MY RENT, THAT'S
GOOD NEWS
TO ME!

I'M
COMIN' TO
THAT!

WELL, WHEN
YA DO, BE SURE
YOU DON'T **PASS**
IT BY!



DIZZY DAMES, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1952, by B. & M. Distributing Co., Inc., 1250 Camden Ave., S. W., Canton 6, Ohio. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Application for entry as second class matter pending at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. No. 2, November-December, 1952.

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OKAY, NOW **LISTEN!**... SEVERAL BOOKING AGENCIES ARE CONSIDERING OUR ACT--AND GET **THIS!** WE EXPECT TO LAND IN THE **ROXY** IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS!

I JUST **TOLDJA!** WHEN WE LAND IN THE **ROXY** IN A COUPLES MONTHS!

SO WHEN DO I GET ME **RENT?**

I GOT NEWS FOR **YOU!**... YOU'RE GONNA LAND IN THE **ROXY** **TODAY!**

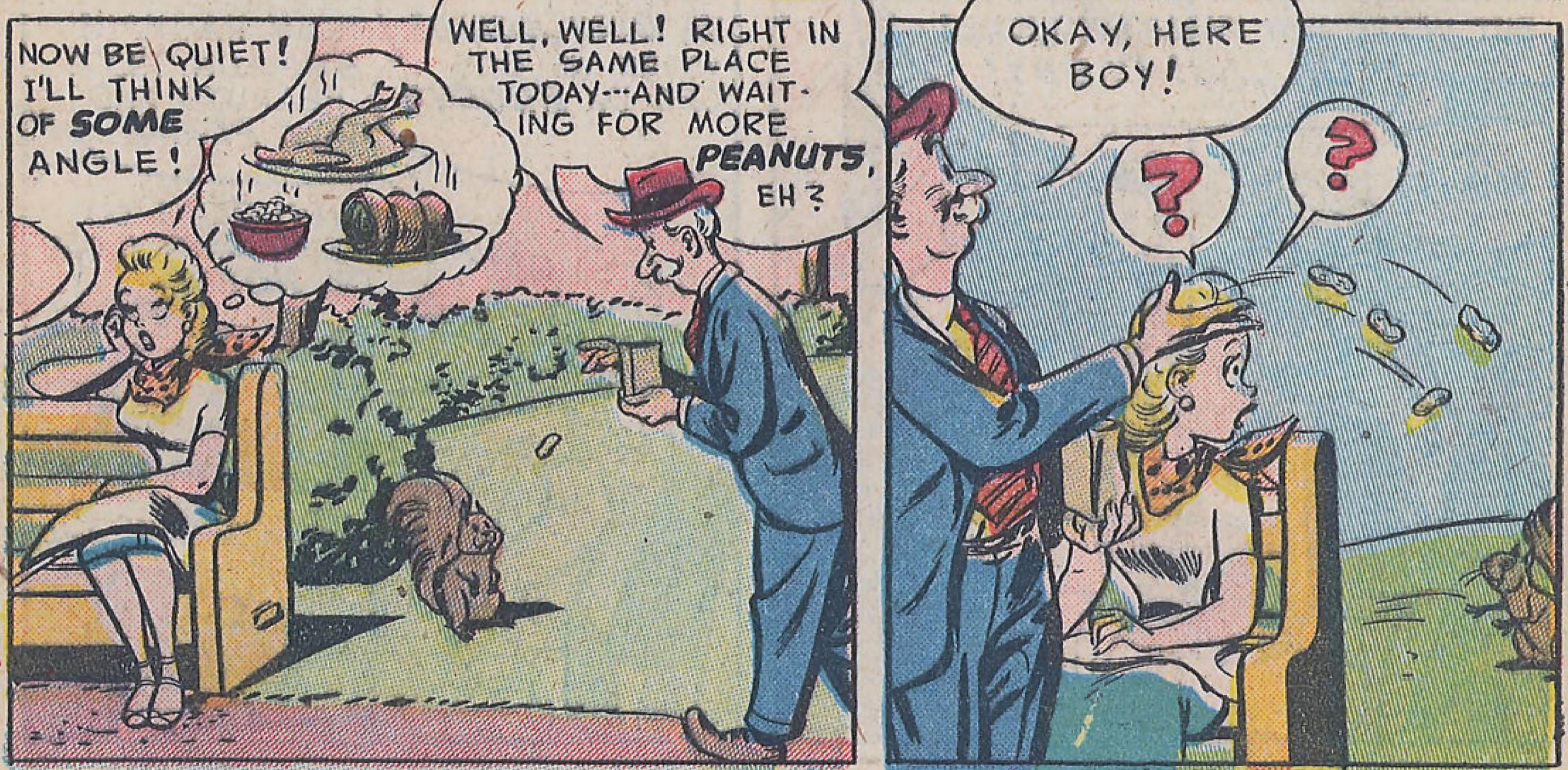
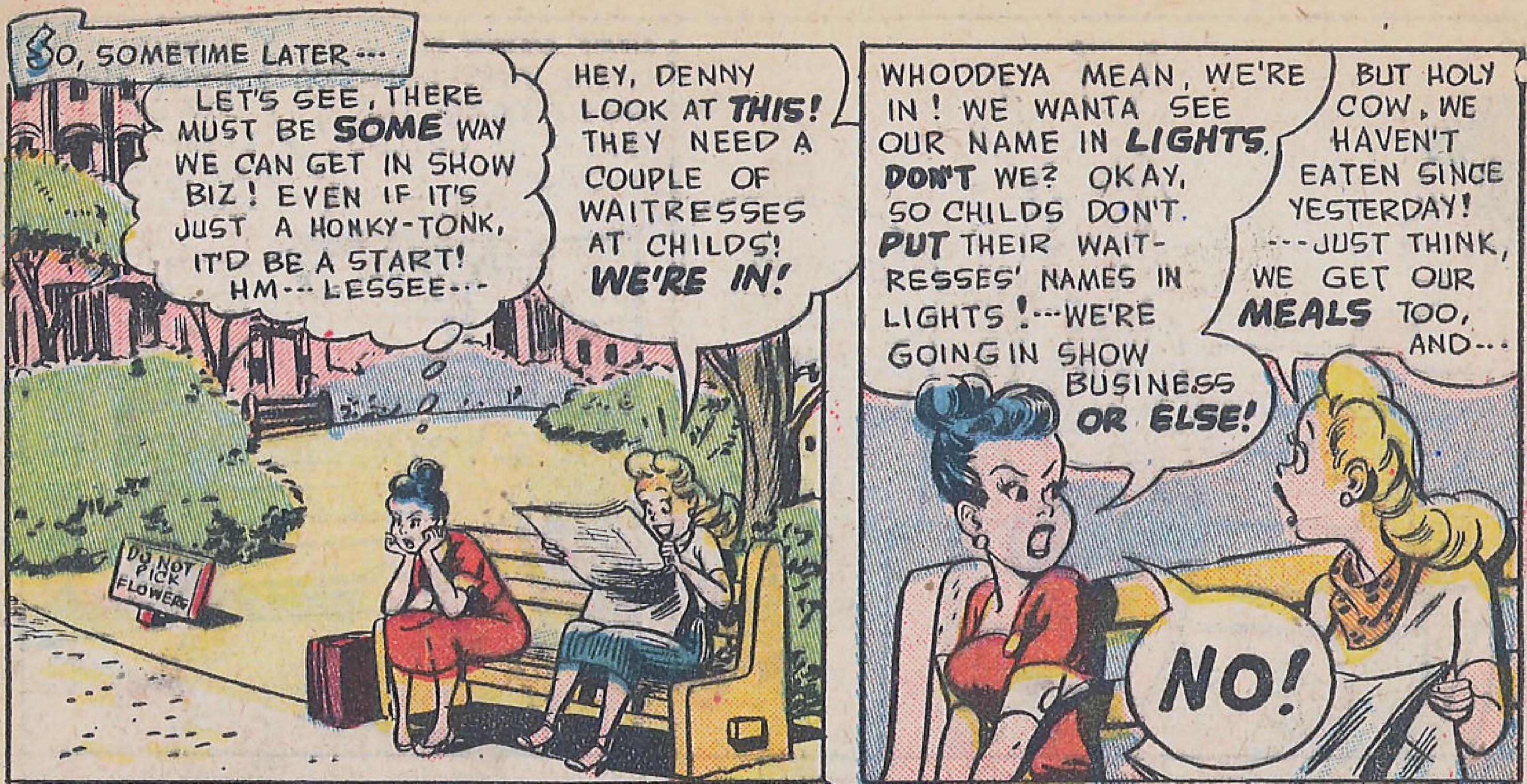
ROXY

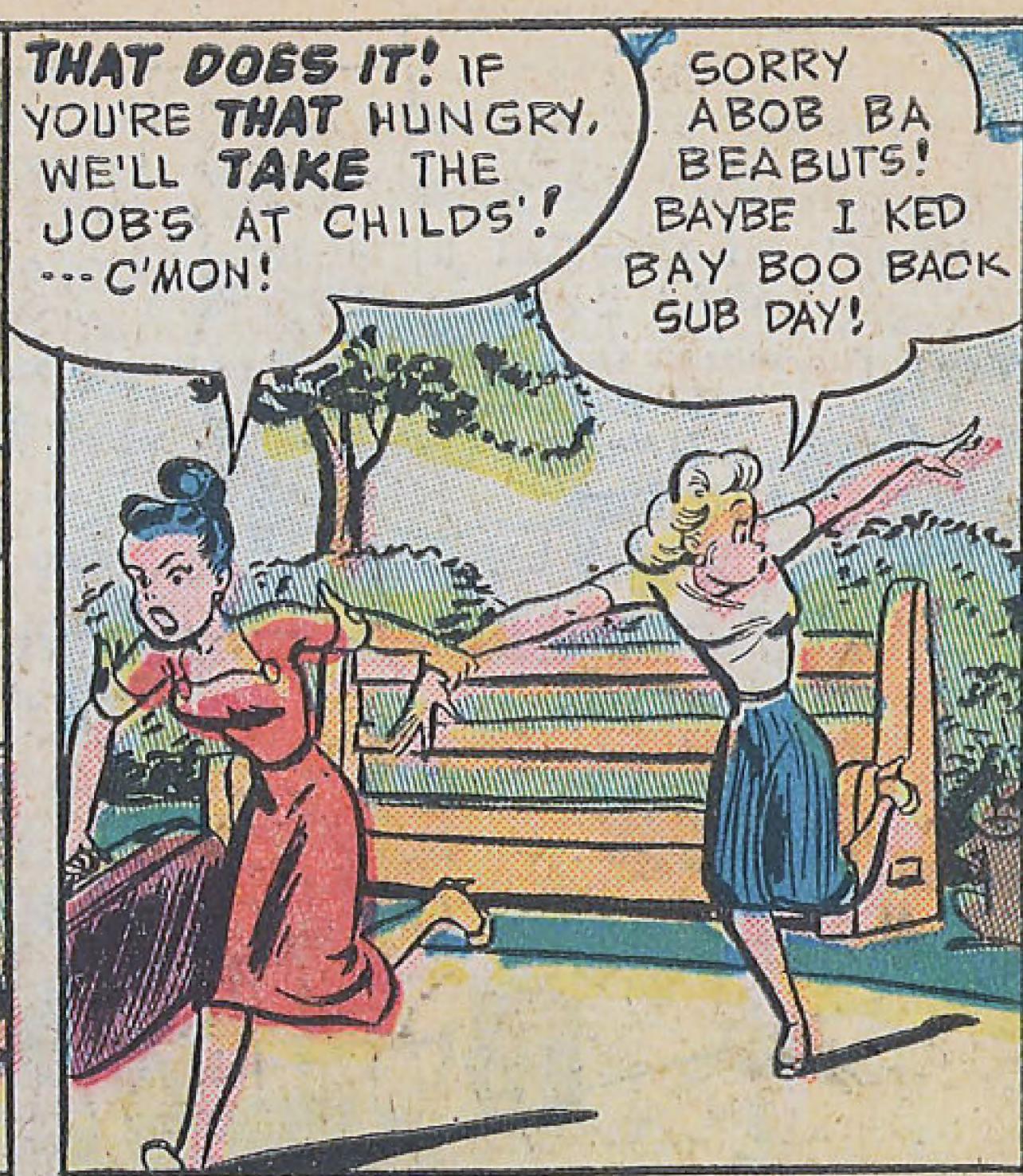
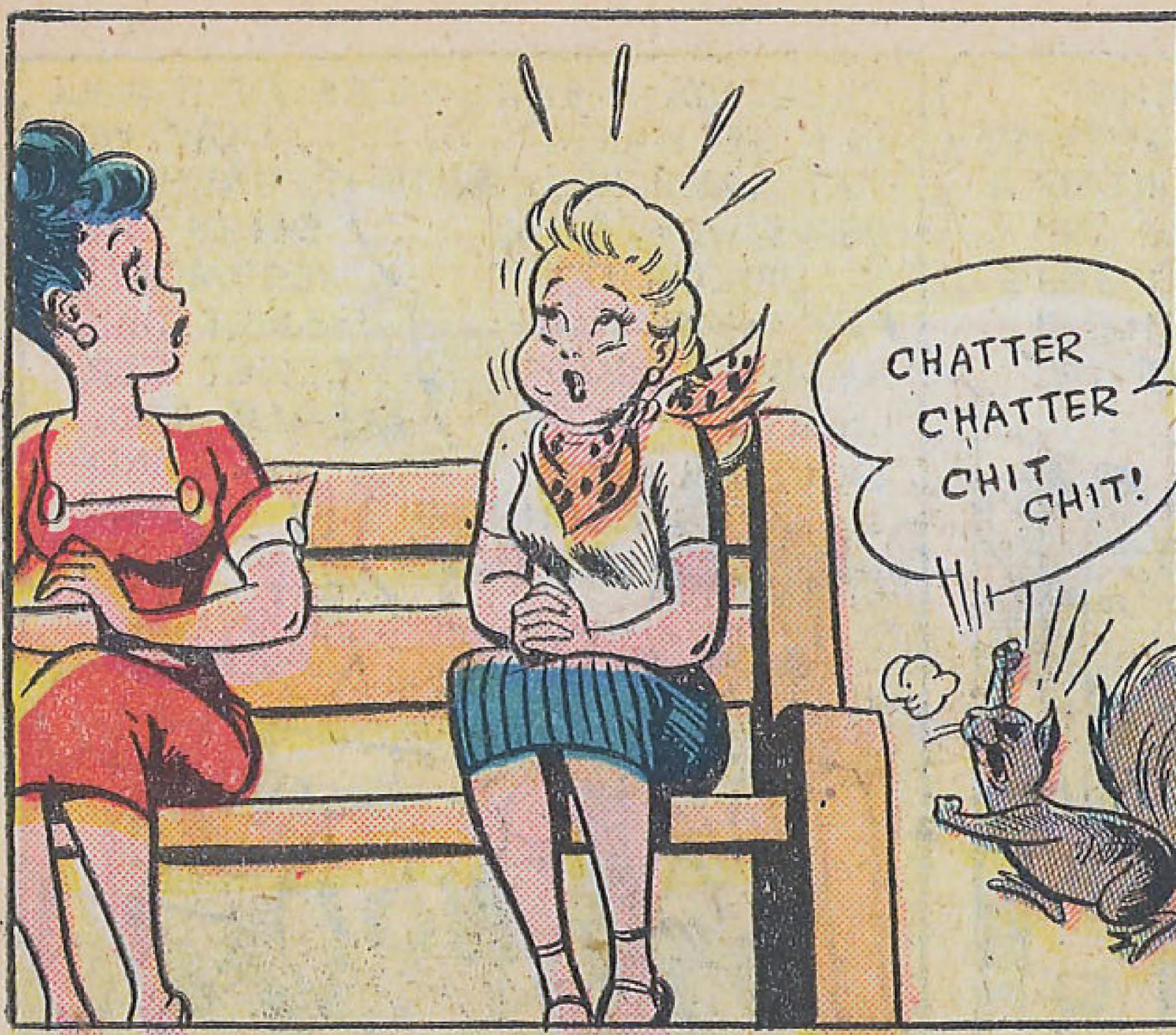
WHOP!

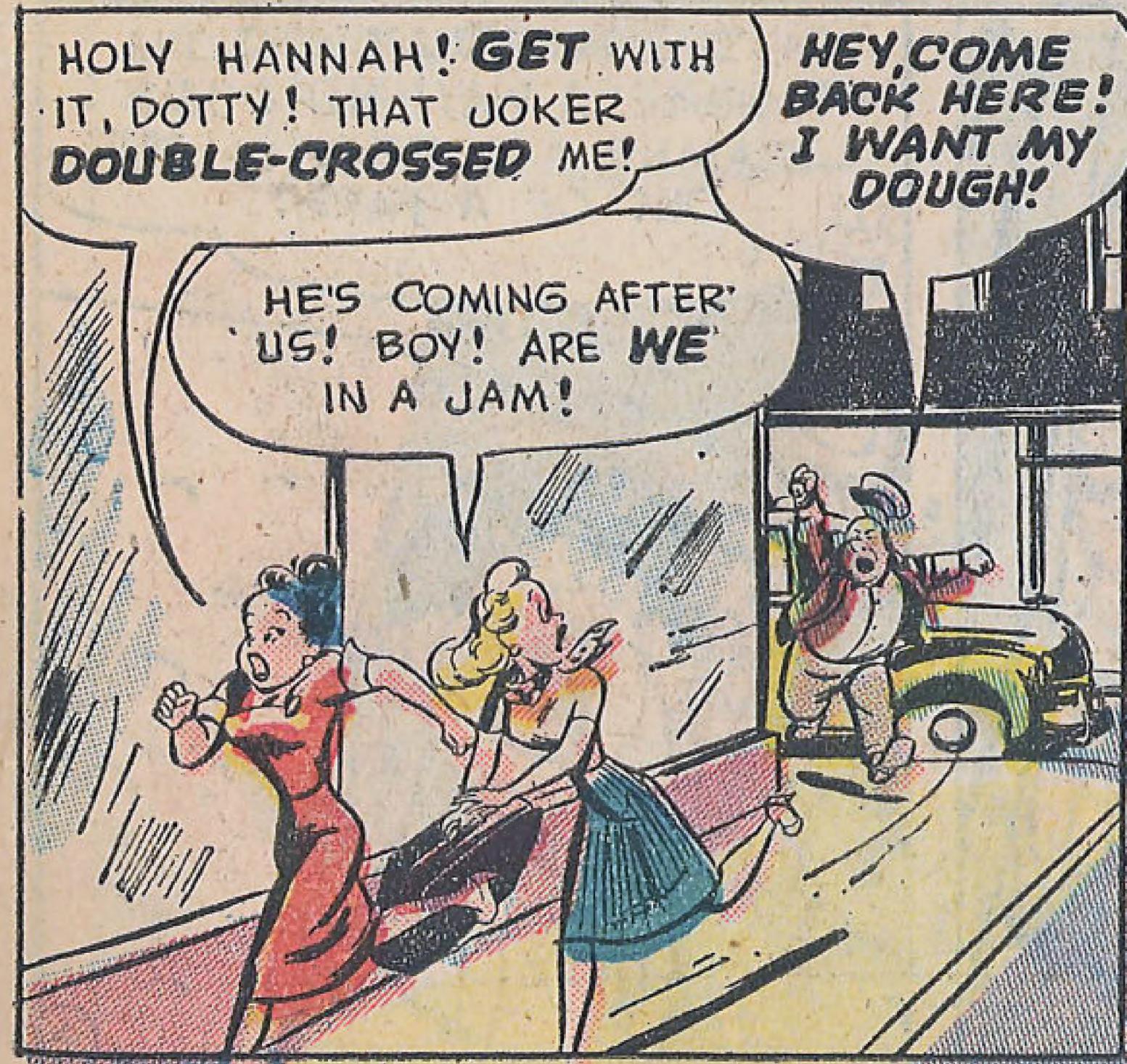
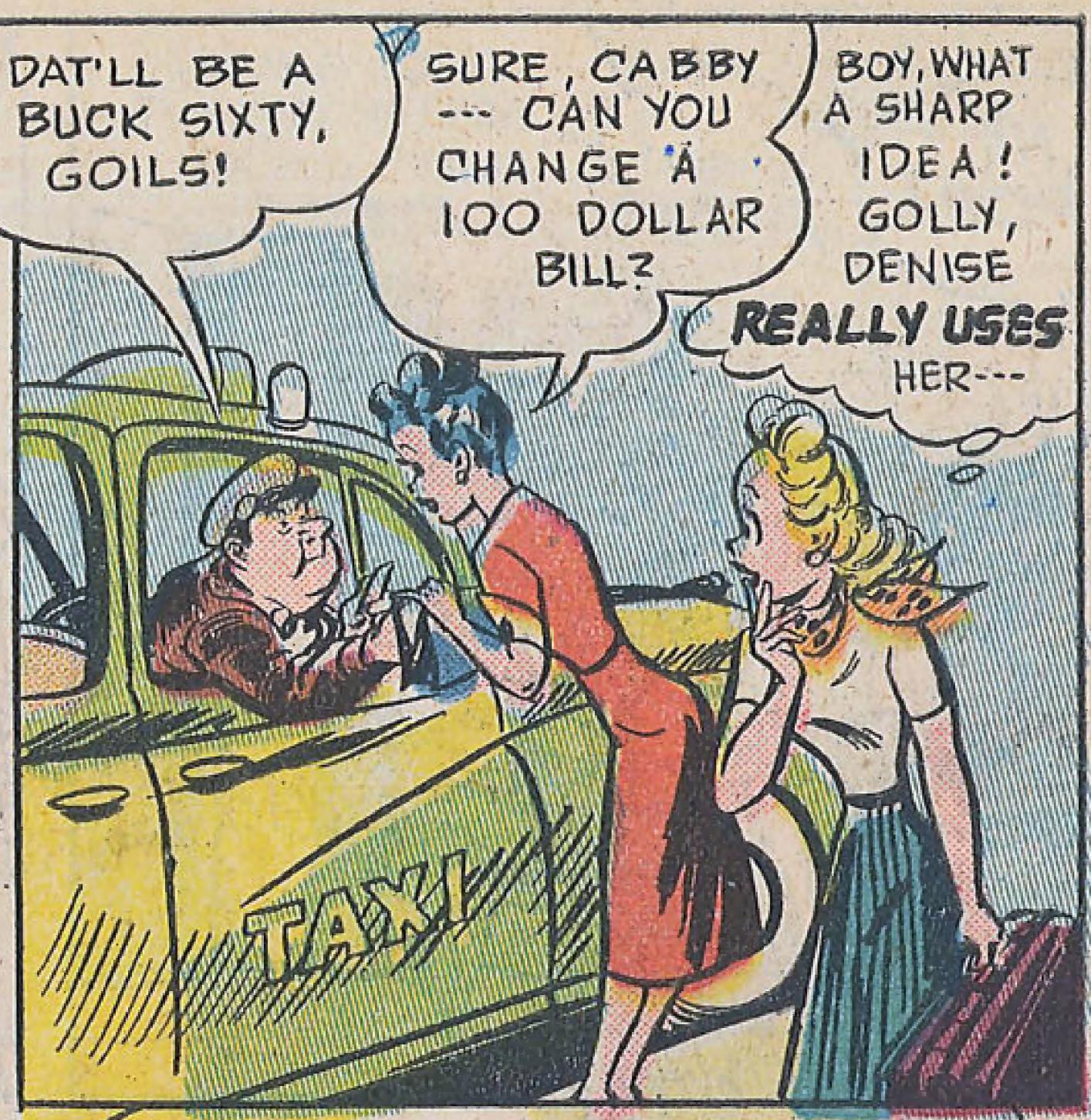
SORRY YA DIDN'T LAND IN THE **ROXY**, GIRLS... BUT I CAN'T KICK AS FAR AS I THOUGHT!

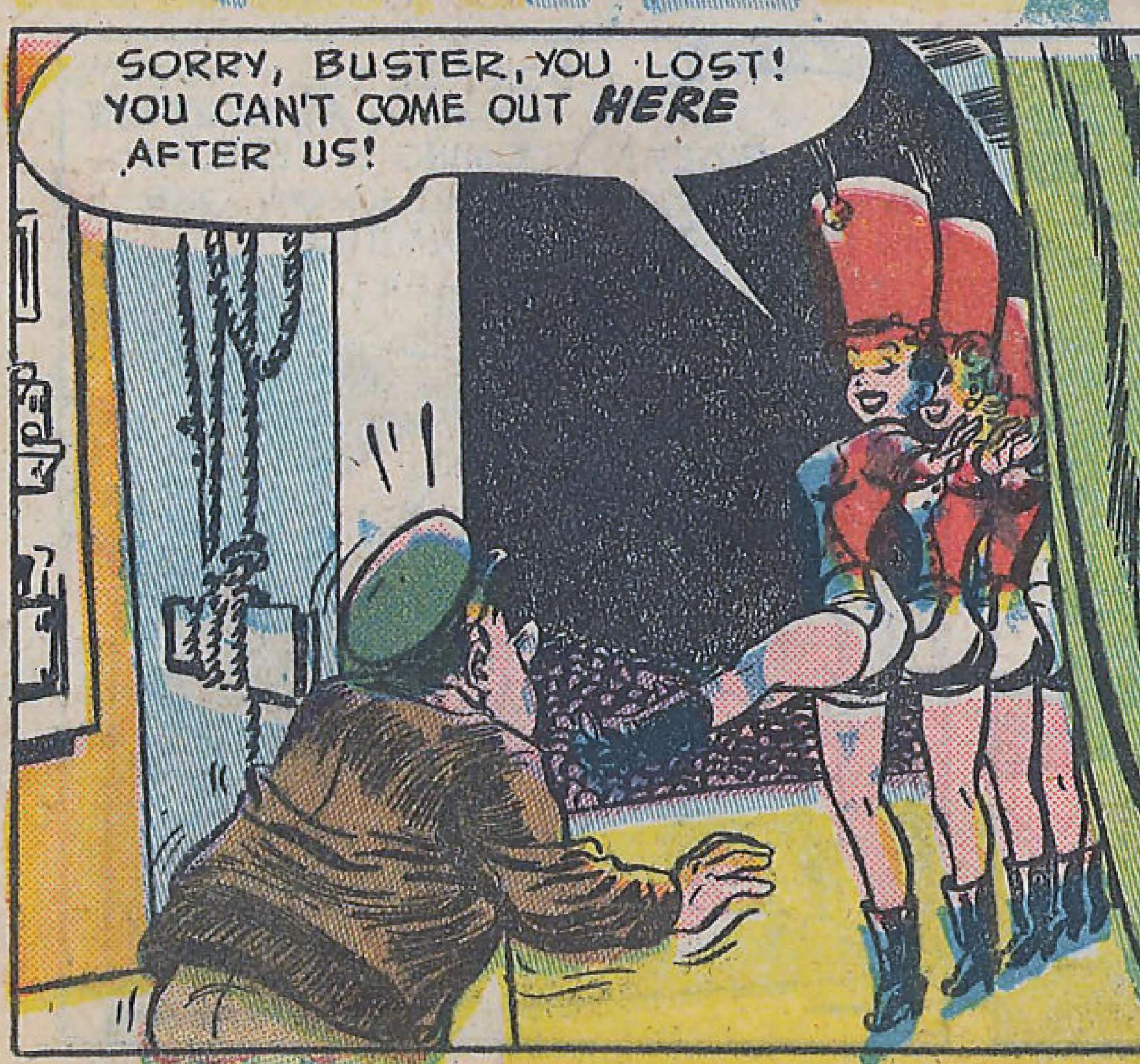
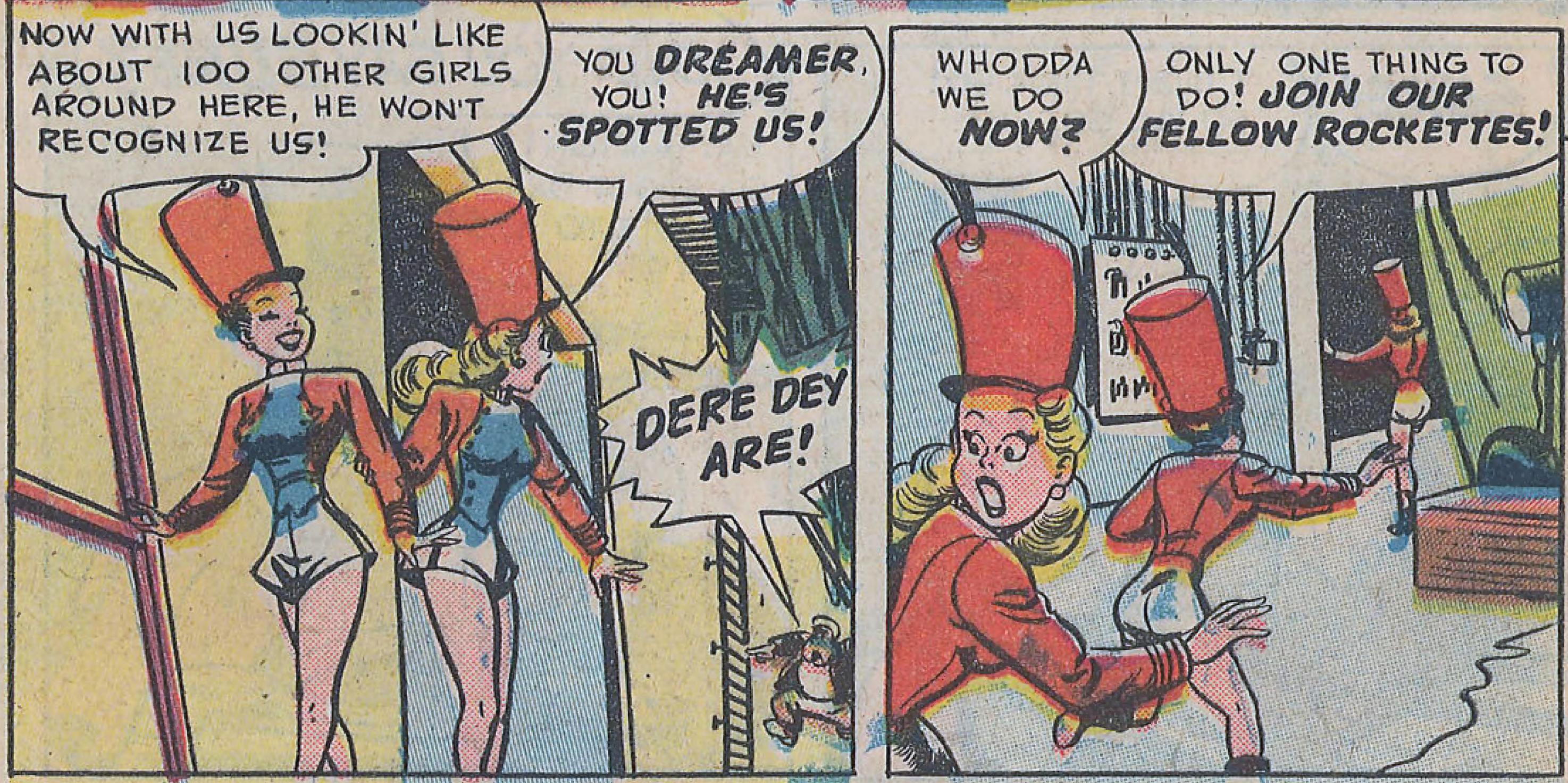
LIKE I SAID, SHE WANTED THE RENT AND WE'VE GOT TWO BITS... SO WODDA WE GONNA DO?

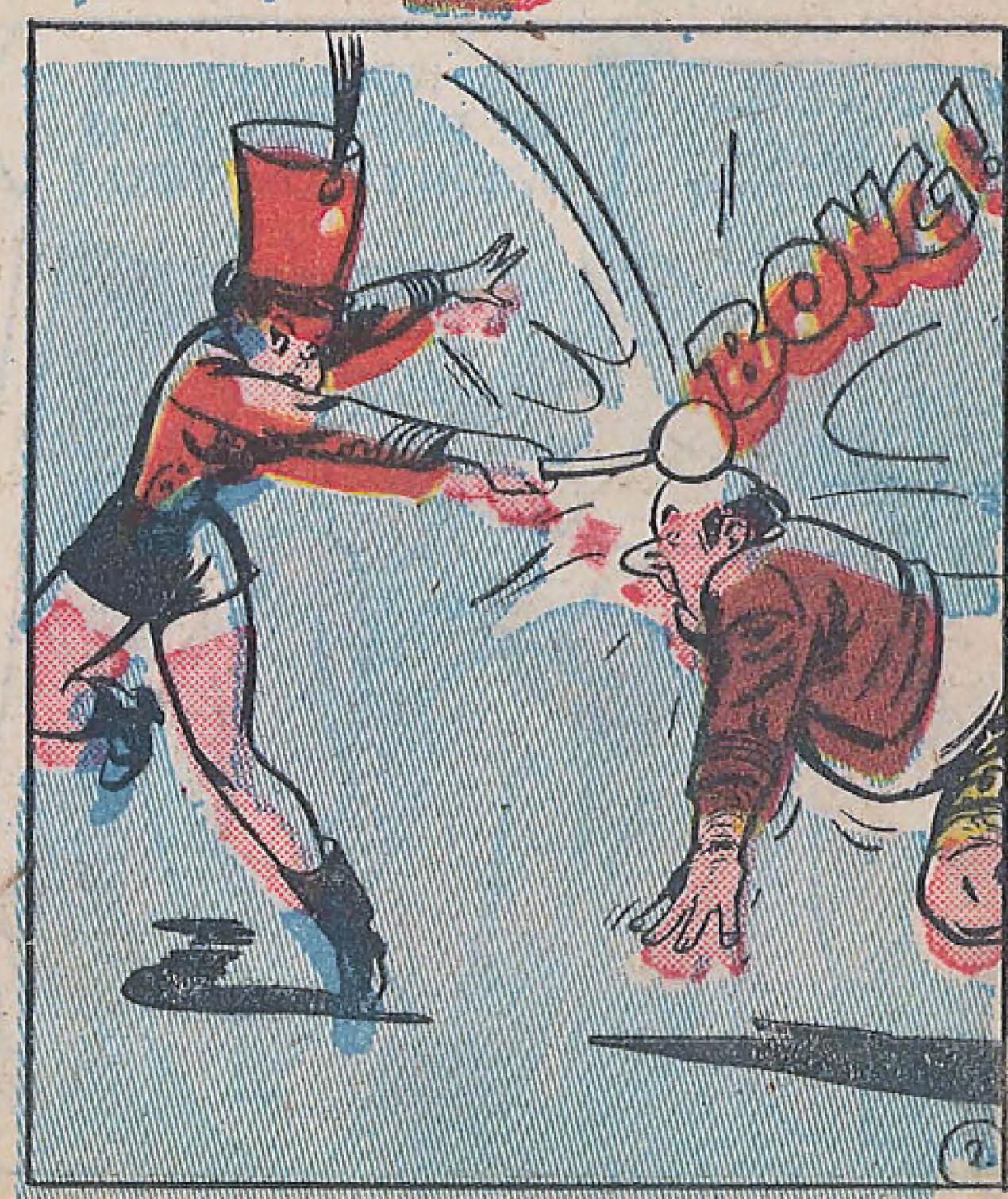
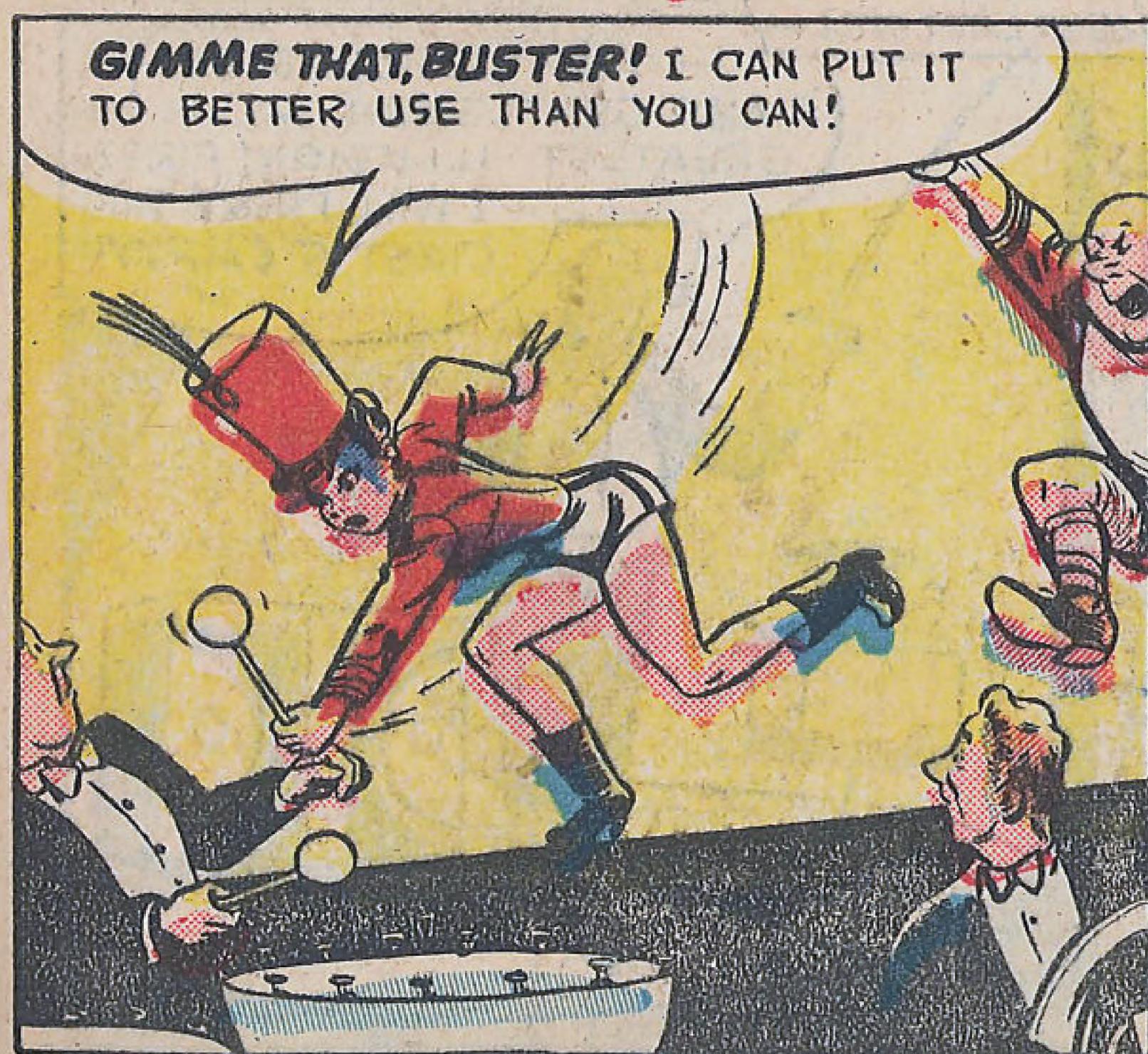
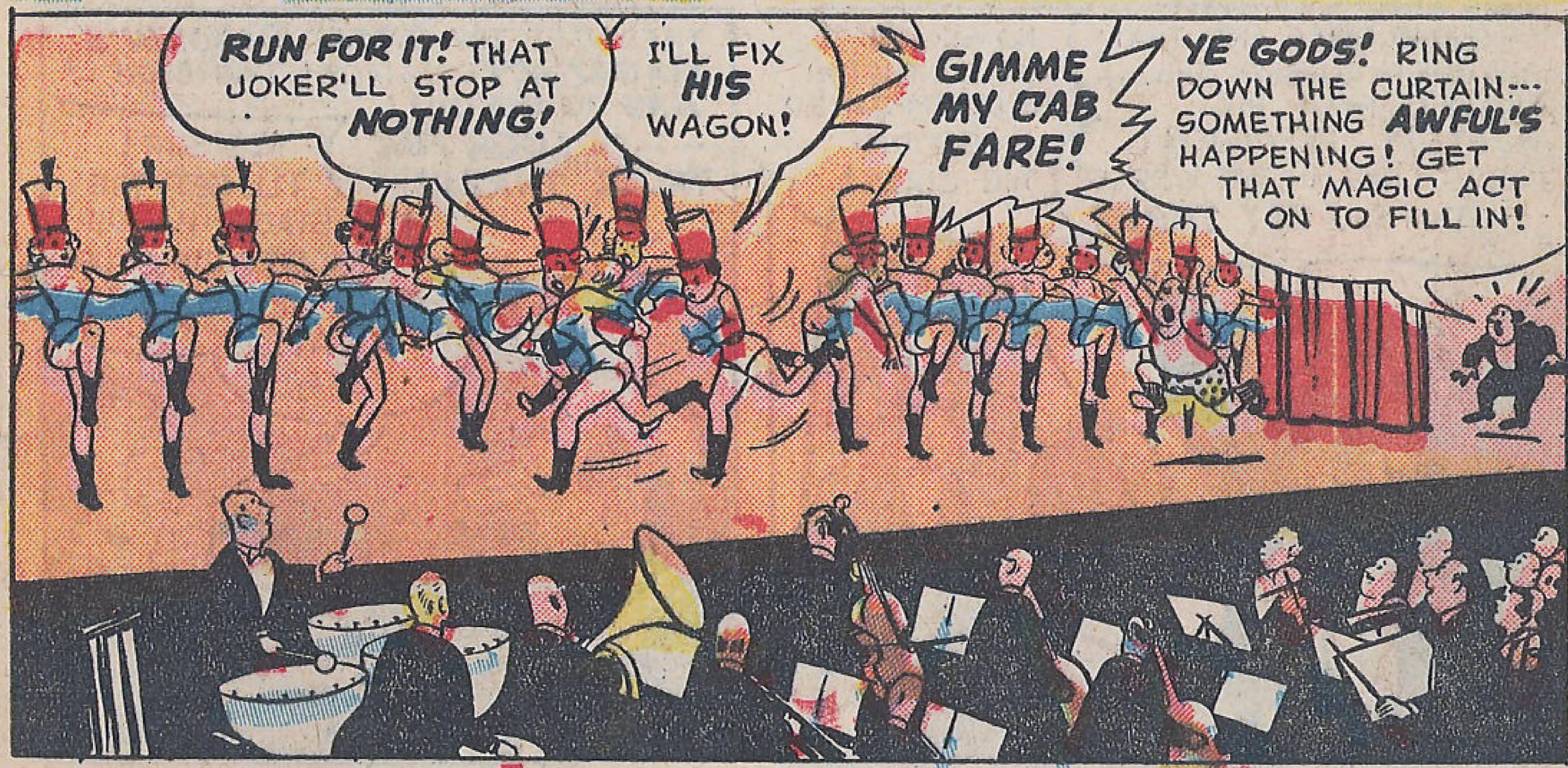
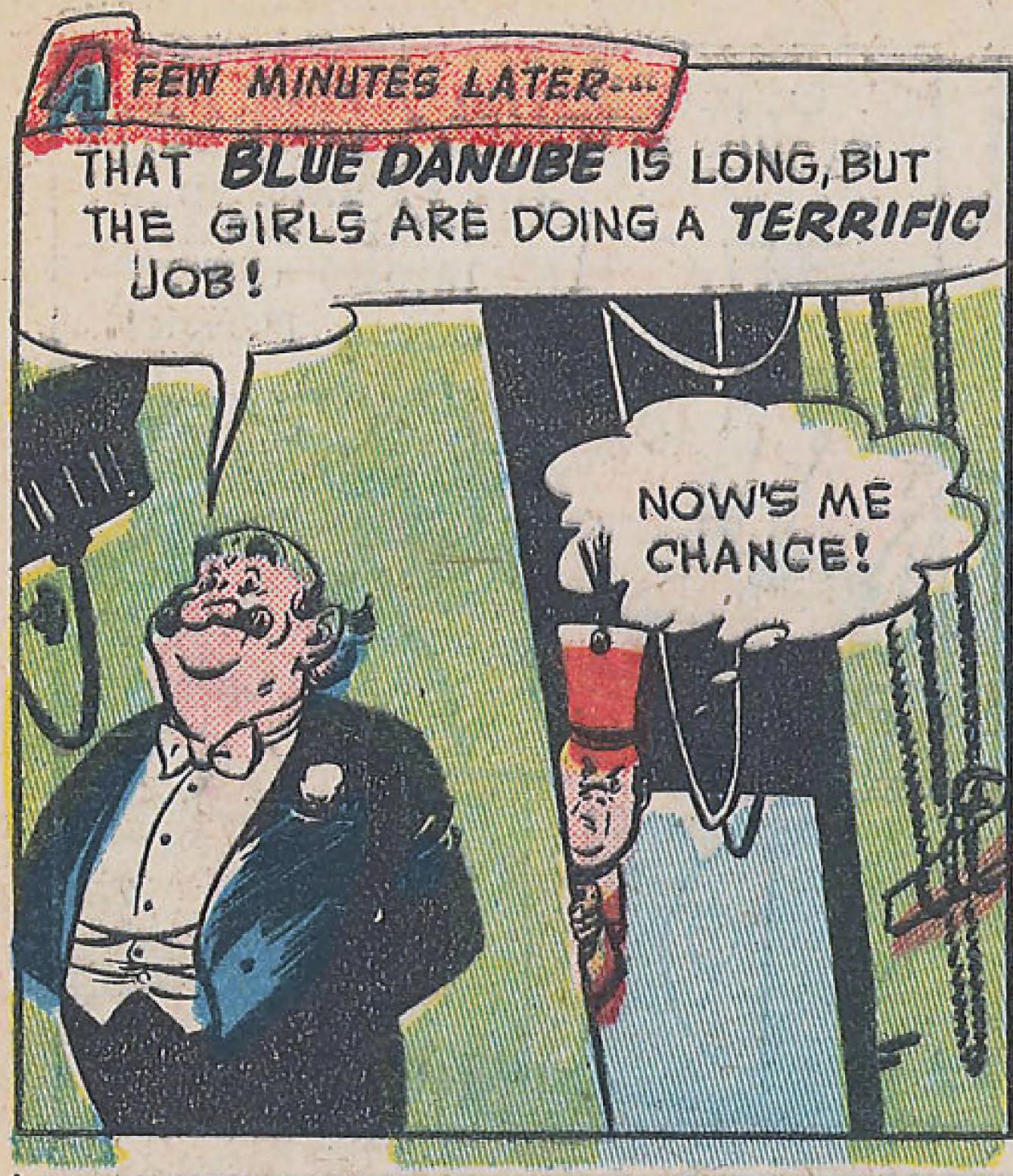
I'LL TELL YA WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO! WE'RE GONNA GET IN **SHOW BUSINESS** SOMEHOW, SO THIS NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN!

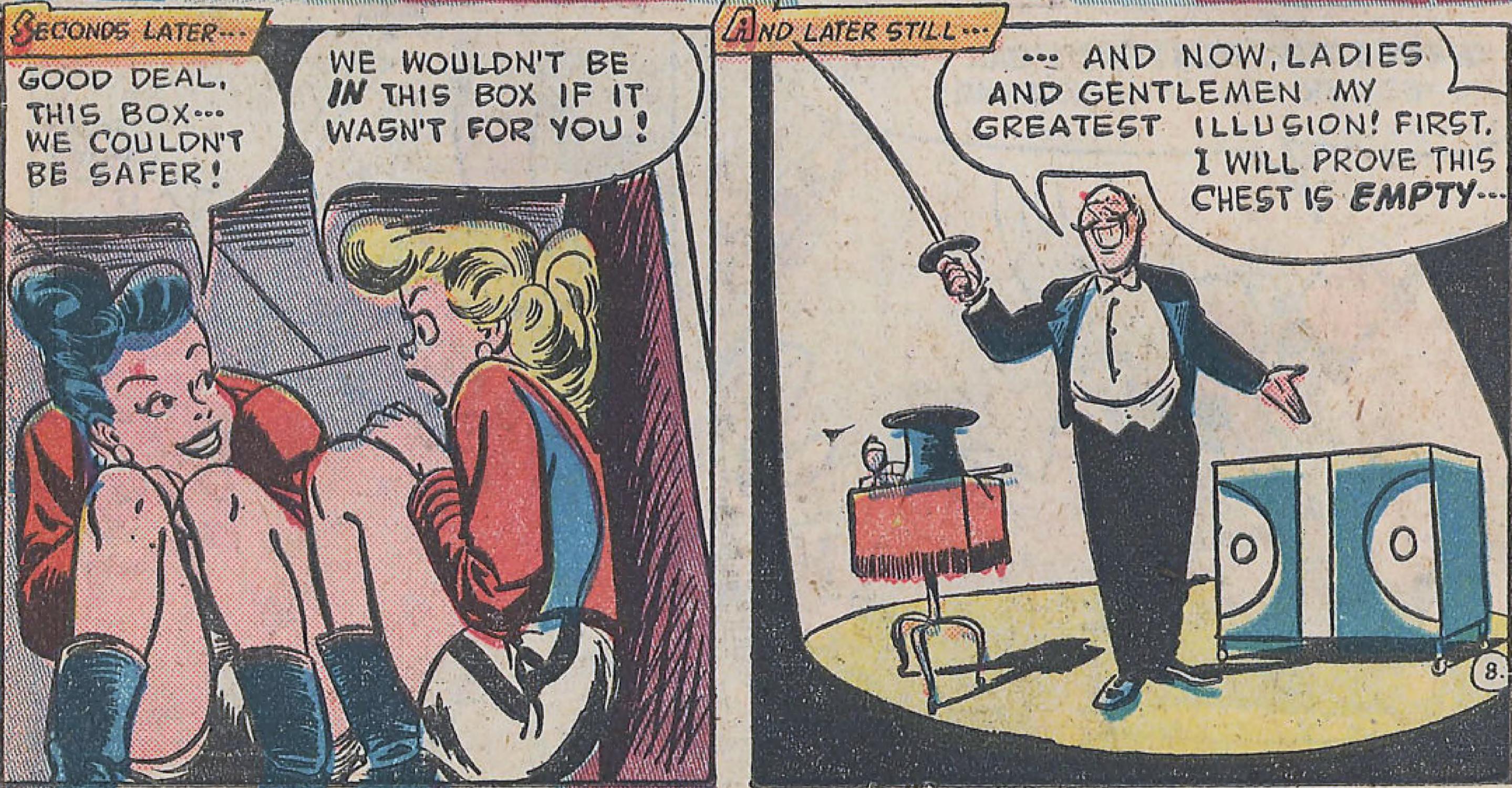
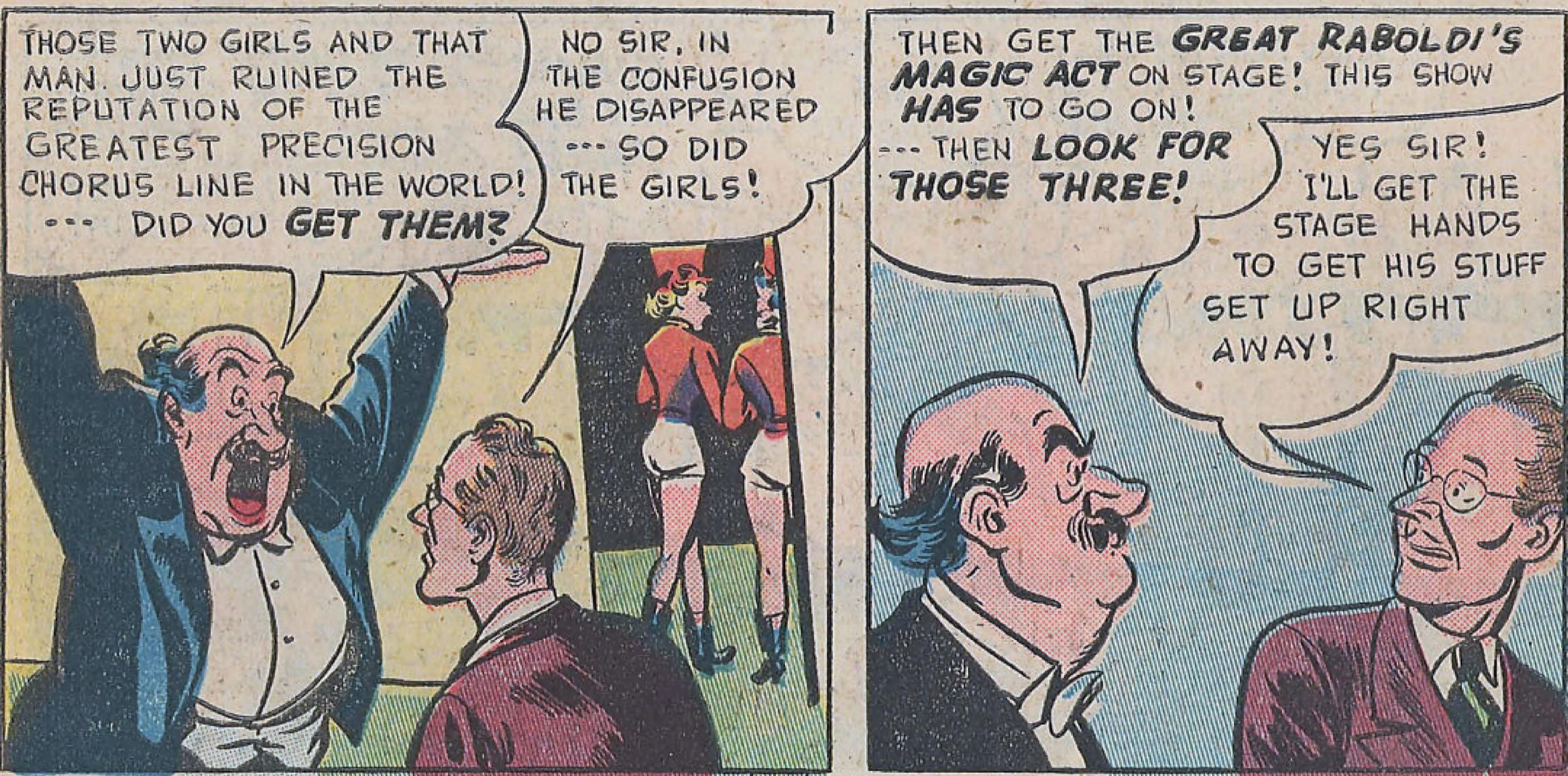
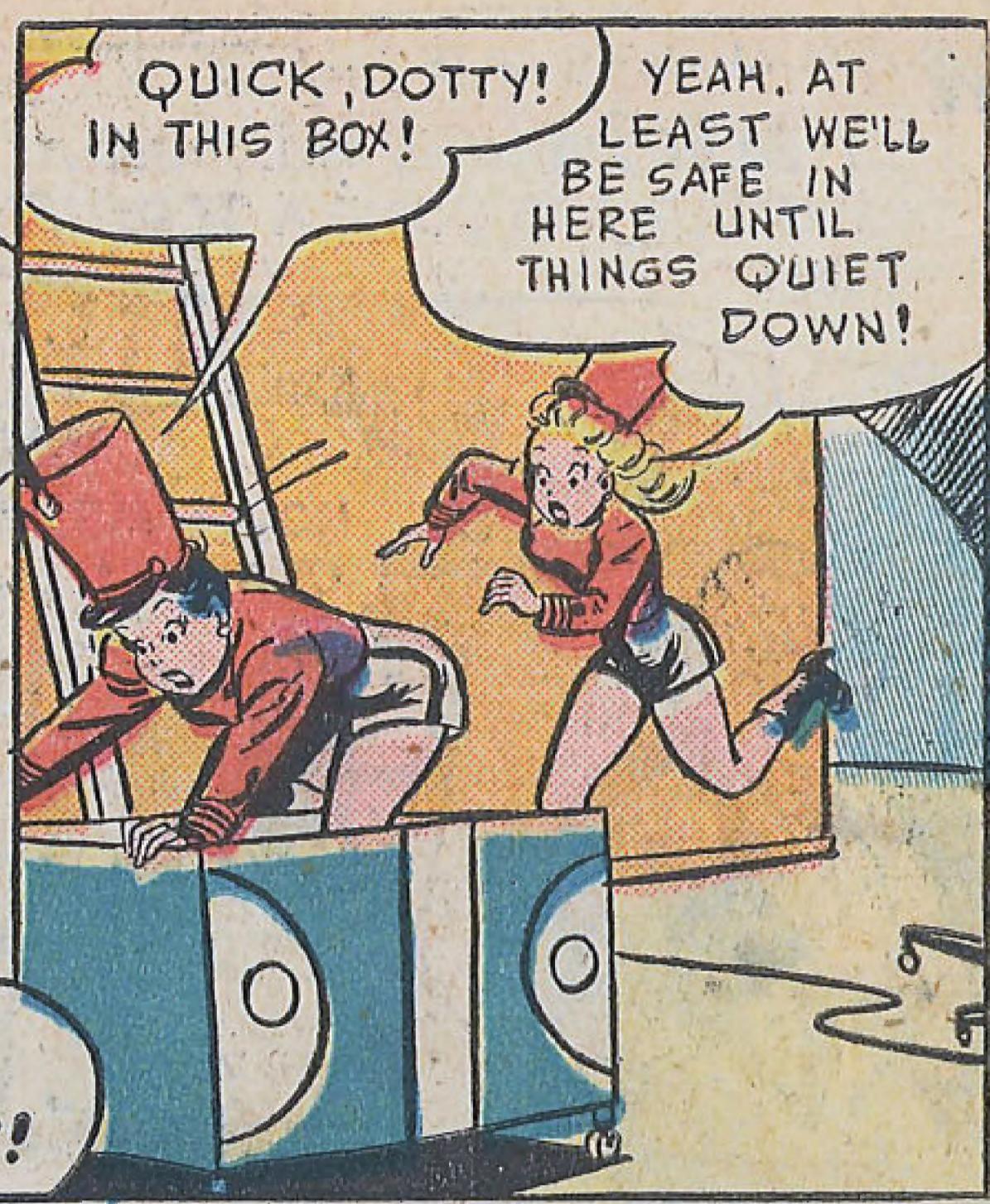
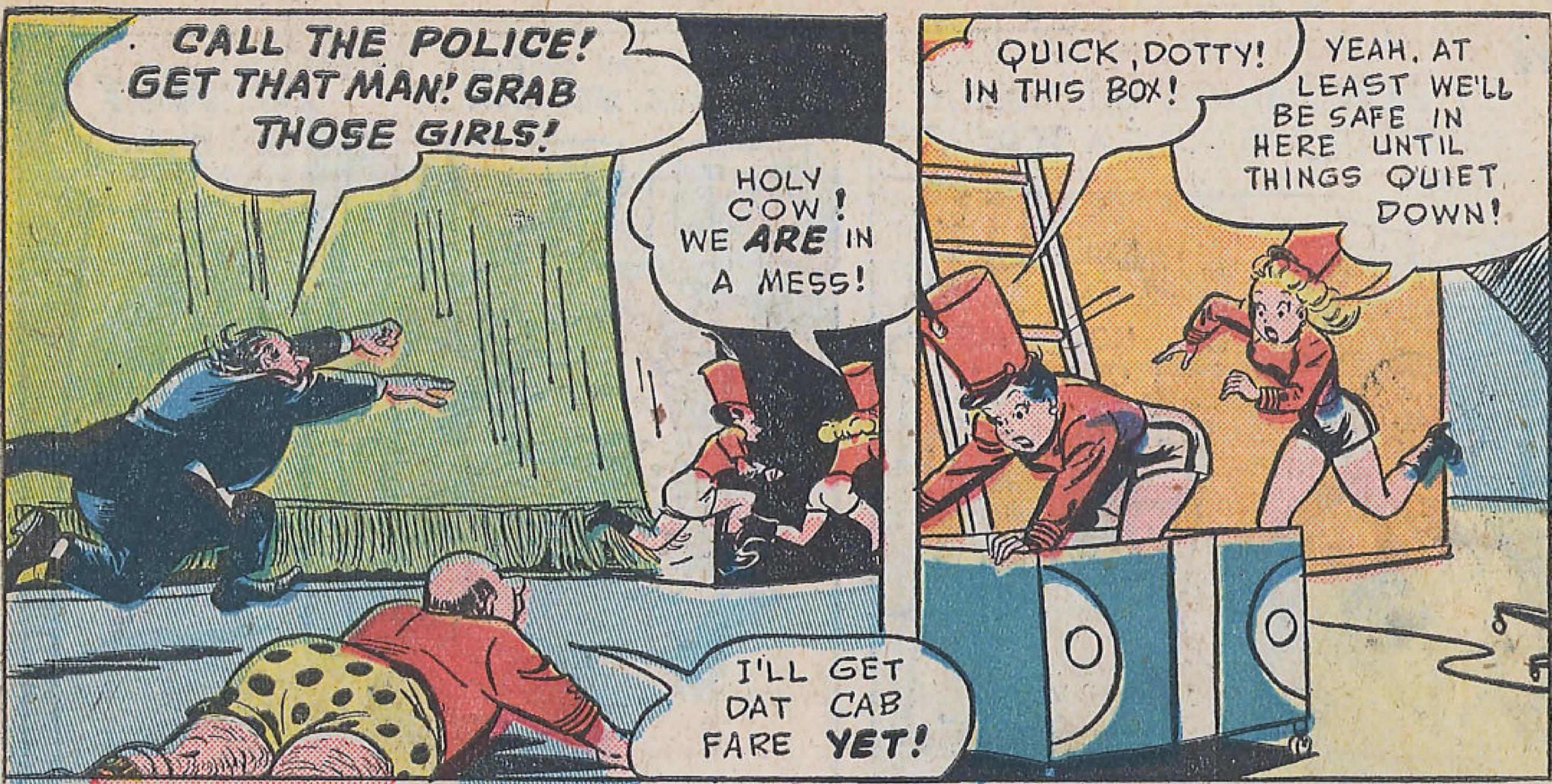


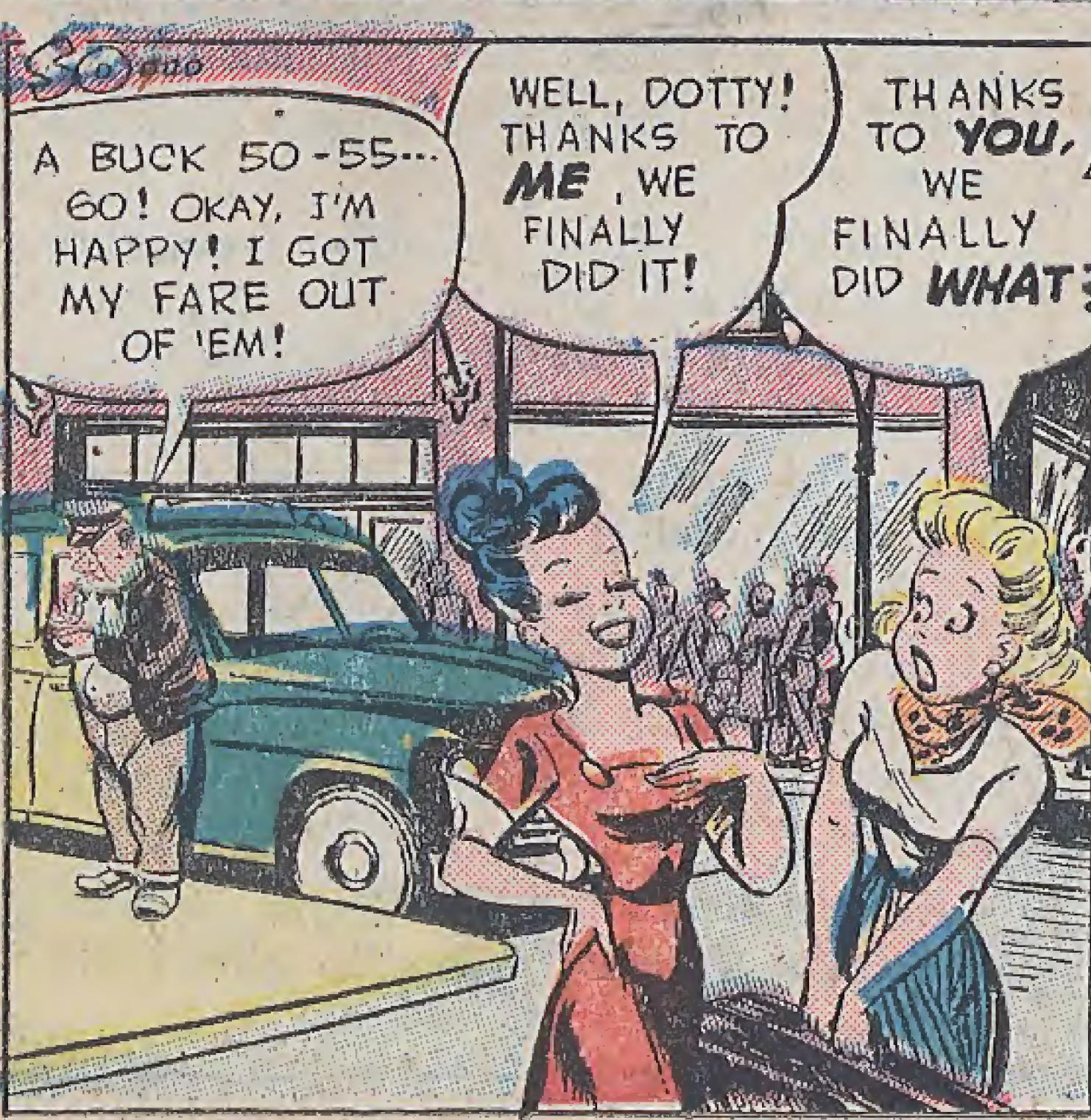
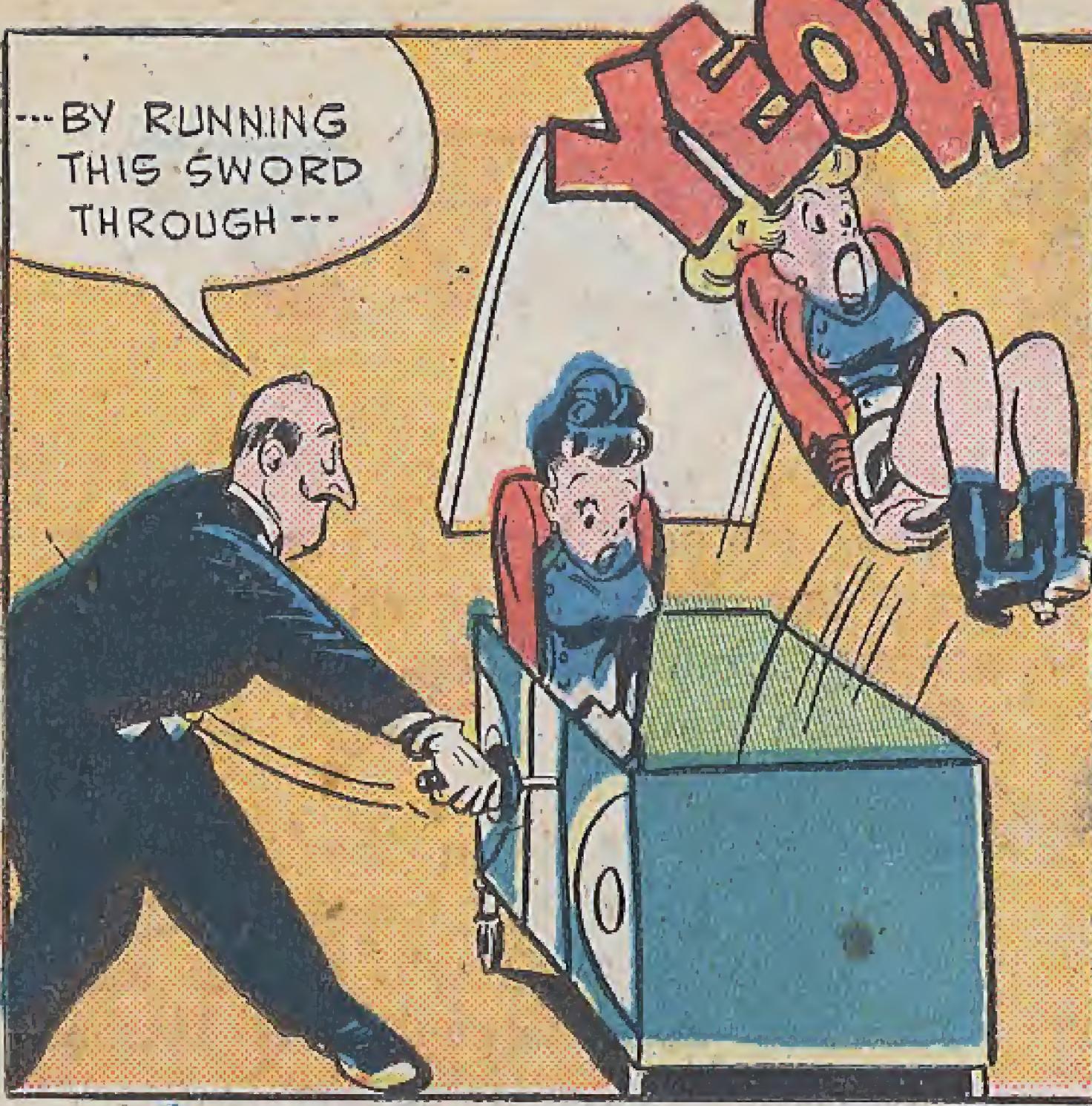












Kitty's CAT

KITTY'S EYES BLAZED angrily at her fellow bus-passengers. "Well," she demanded, "what are you all staring at? Haven't you ever seen a *cat* before? Here, take a *good look!*"

As she held up the small fury bundle, there were shrieks of hysterical protest. "No! Throw it out! Get off the bus! If you don't, I will!"

Sure enough, at the very next bus stop, every passenger but Kitty scrambled off, leaving her the sole rider. Kitty and her cat, that is!

"Poor little thing," she murmured to the creature on her lap. "Aren't people *mean*? Afraid of a sweet little cat like you! Well, don't you worry any more! Kitty's going to take you home and feed you nice milk and fish and you'll have a real family like everyone else!"

But at home, Kitty met a reception that reminded her of the reaction of the people on the bus. Her mother, screaming, backed out of the kitchen and said, "Kitty, you take that beast right out of this house and *don't* come back with it!"

"But, mother, I'm surprised at you! Here I find this adorable cat wandering on the street, lost! Wouldn't you rescue a poor, lost little cat?"

"Sure, Kitty!" That was Will, her younger brother, talking from the safe distance of the hallway. "Only that's not a cat! It's a *skunk*!"

"Oh, what a nasty thing to say about a poor little thing that can't talk to defend itself! You're not perfect, either, you know! If everybody went around calling other people names, this would be a *fine* world!"

She stroked her pet fondly, running her fingers tenderly along the stripes down its back. "I wouldn't give you up for anything!" she murmured.

A sharp knock on the front door interrupted the argument. "Will, you answer it!" Kitty's mother said, "I'll not walk through this kitchen as long as that...that *animal* is here!"

"Okay, mom! Hey, it's a man from the zoo!"

A tall, handsome young man entered the house, walked right up to Kitty and smiled at her. Kitty's heart went pit-a-pat, very fast. "So you've got Gregory," the young man said.

"Gregory? Oh, you mean him!" Kitty held up her pet. "I was going to call him Junior, because my name is Kitty and since he's one, he'd be Kitty, *Junior*!"

"Thank you very much for taking care of him," the young man said, "but he *has* a home! A very nice home, with lots to eat! And his friends care so much about him, there's a reward for you for having found him! Gregory's a very valuable skunk!"

"See?" Kitty proudly faced her family. "I told you!"

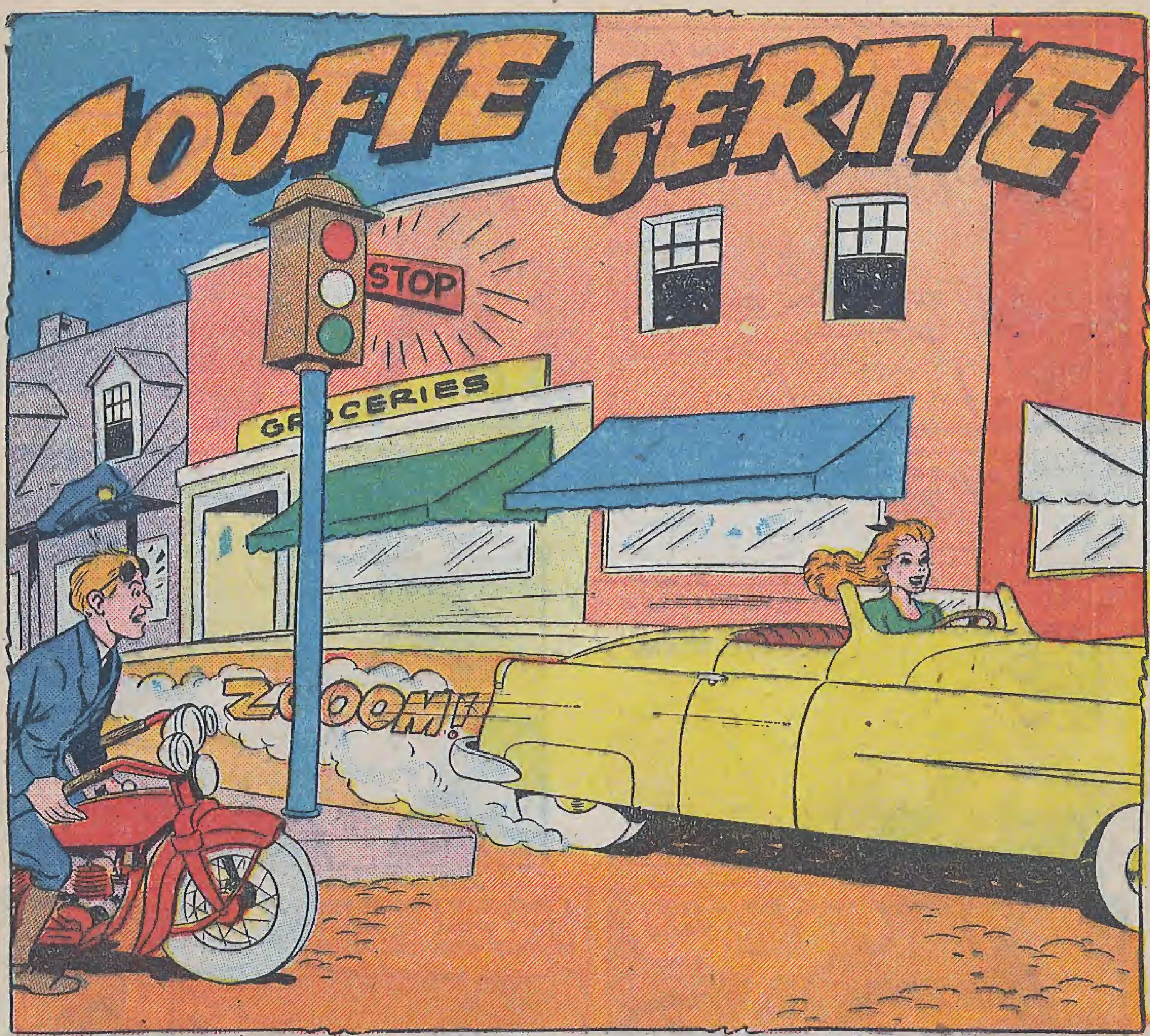
"You told us *nothin'!*" Will sneered.

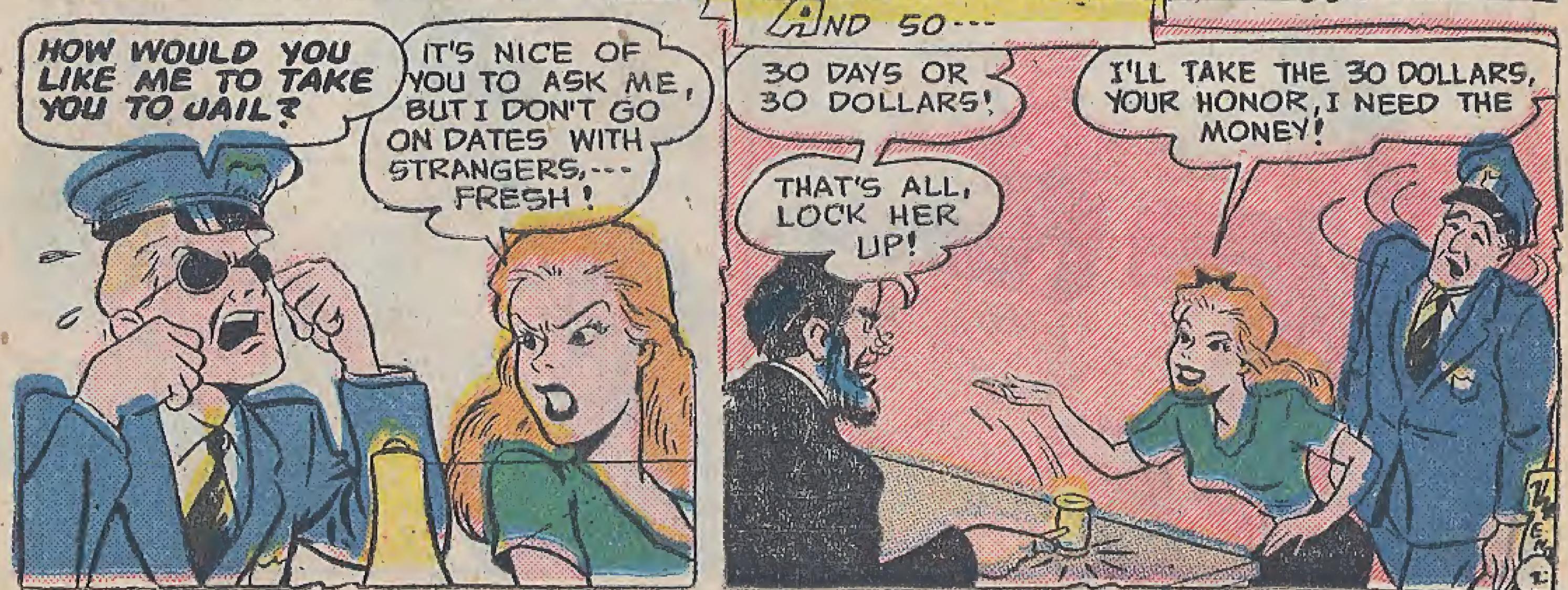
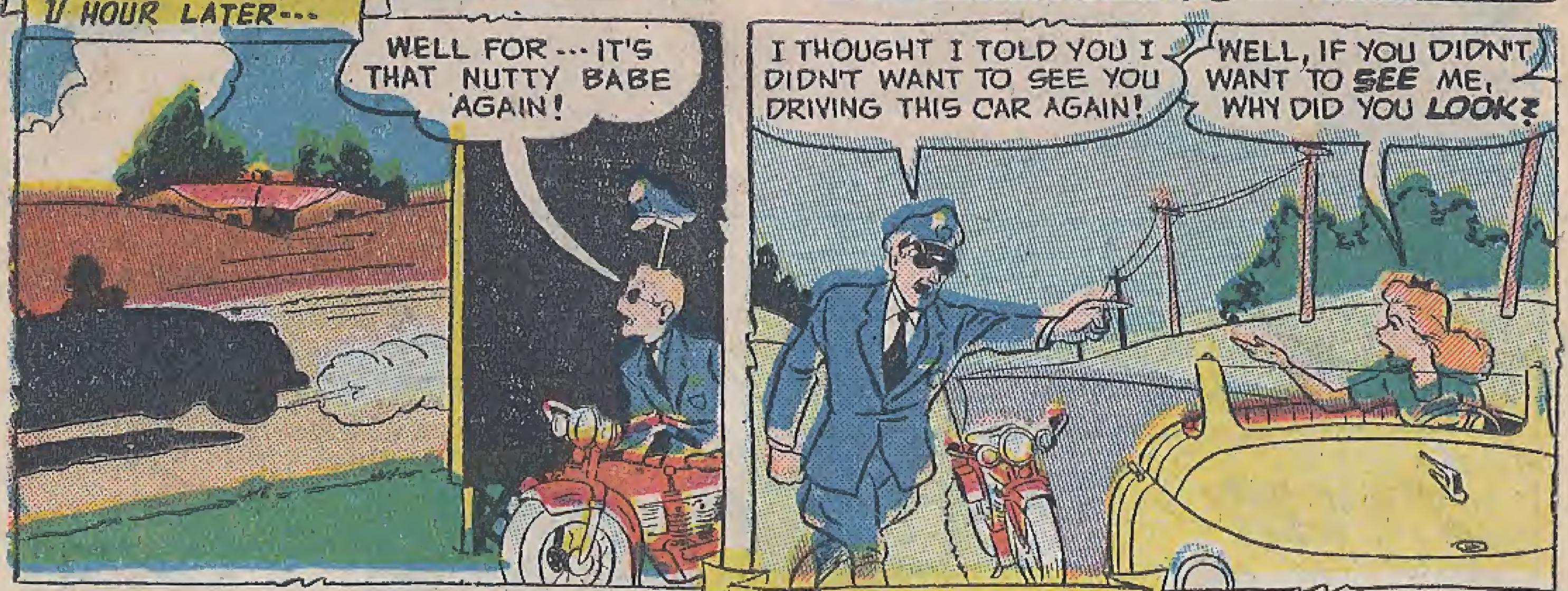
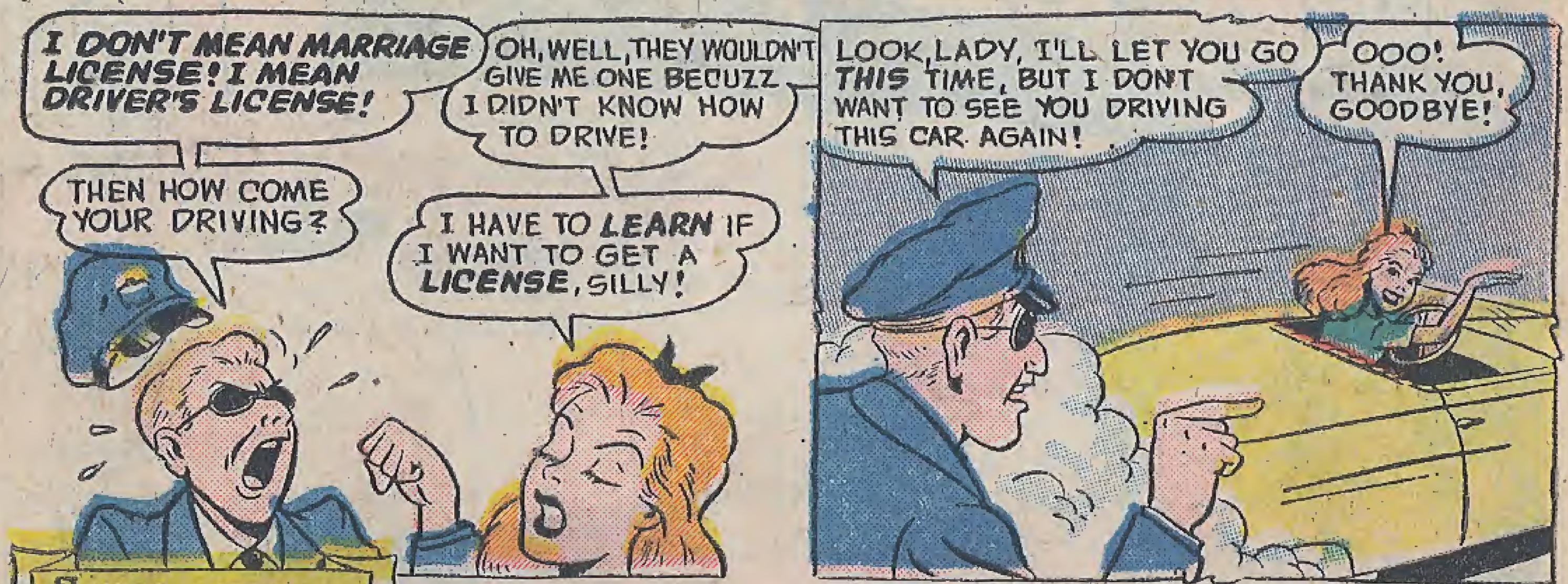
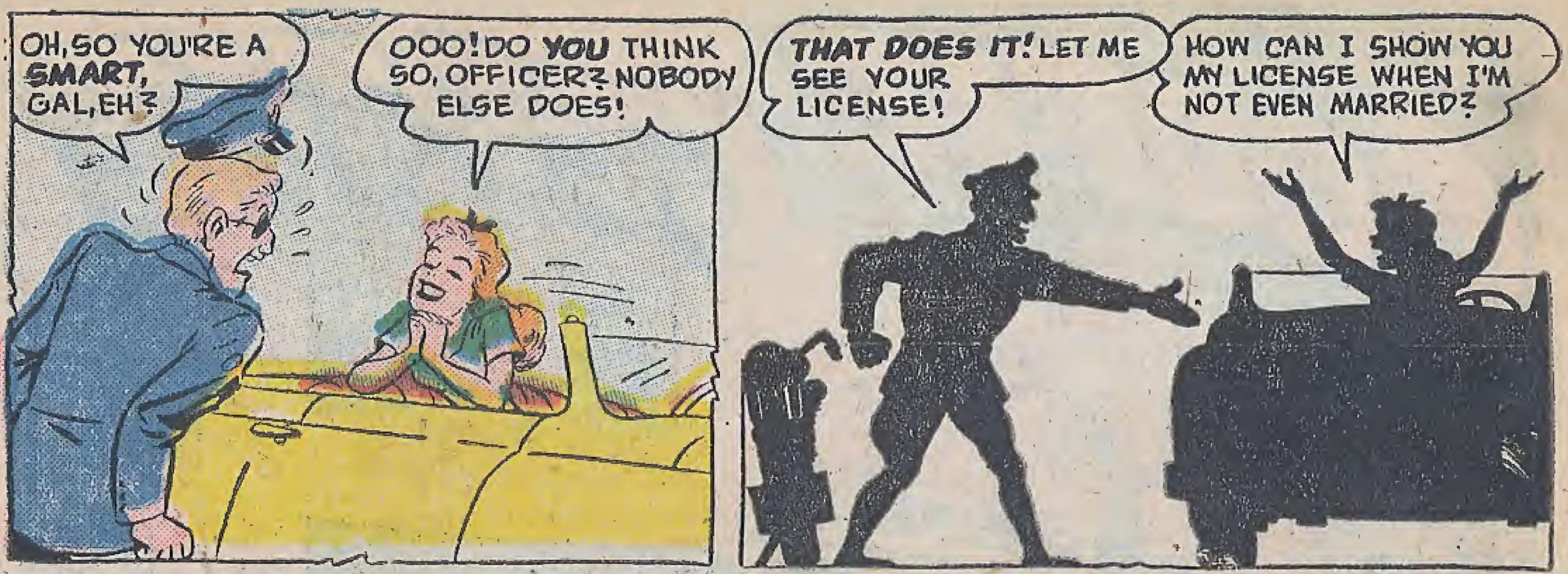
"You thought he was a *cat*!"

"I did *not!*" Kitty blushed a deep red. "I knew all along!"

The young man from the zoo smiled at Kitty once more. "Sure you did! No girl would be so *dumb* that she wouldn't know a skunk when she saw one!"

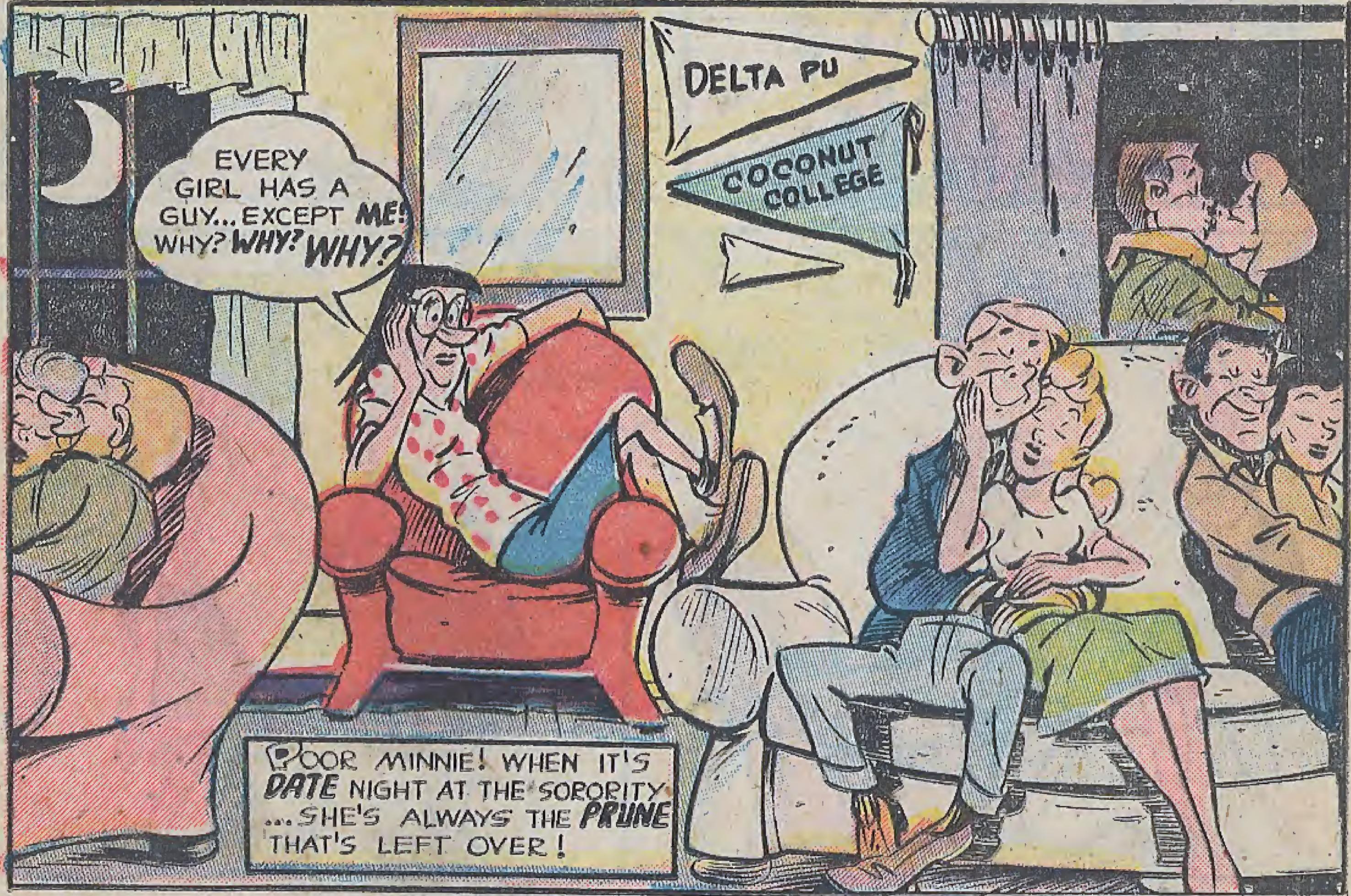
Kitty's heart did flip-flops. "Shall we take Gregory home?" she said.

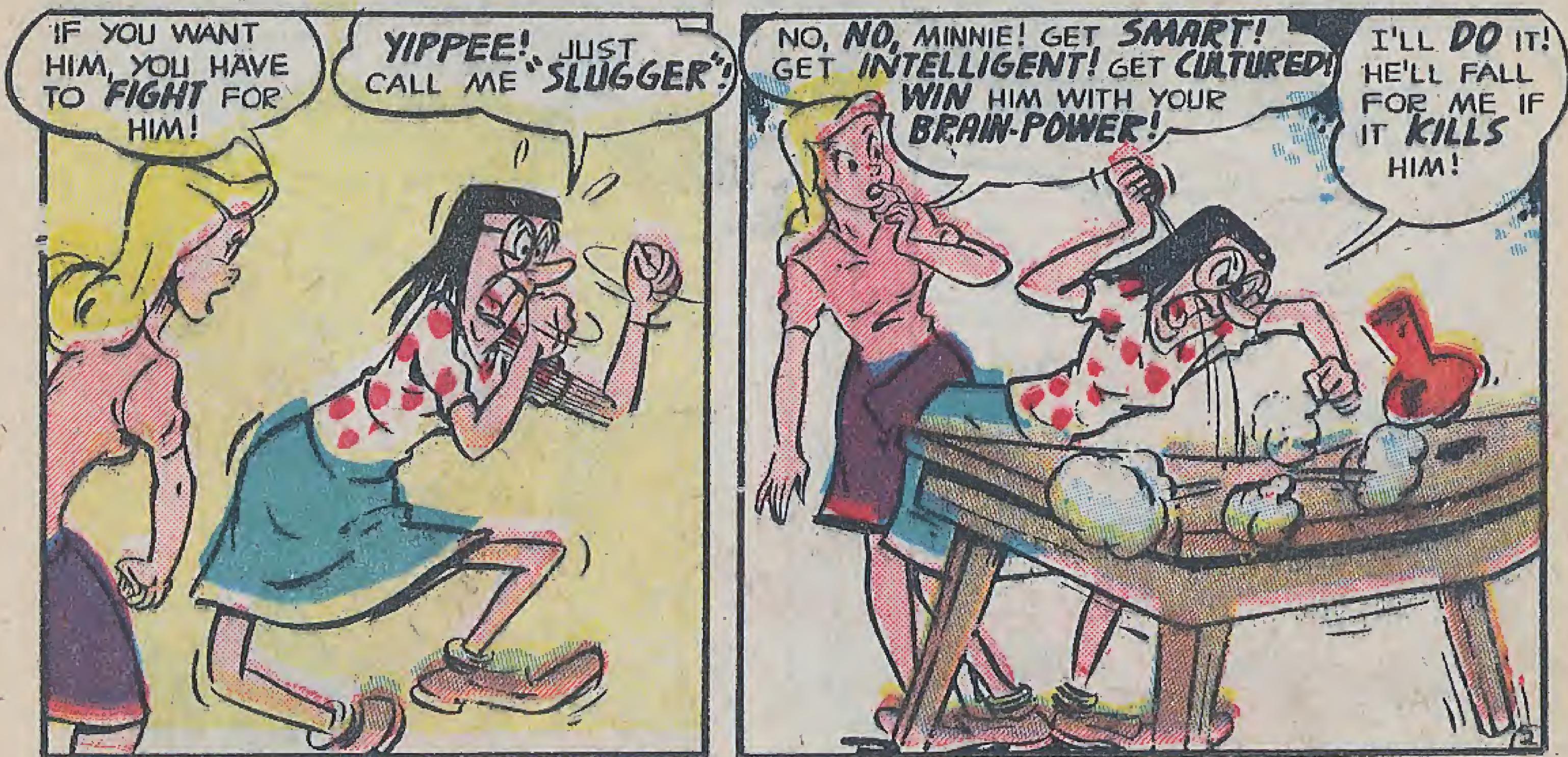
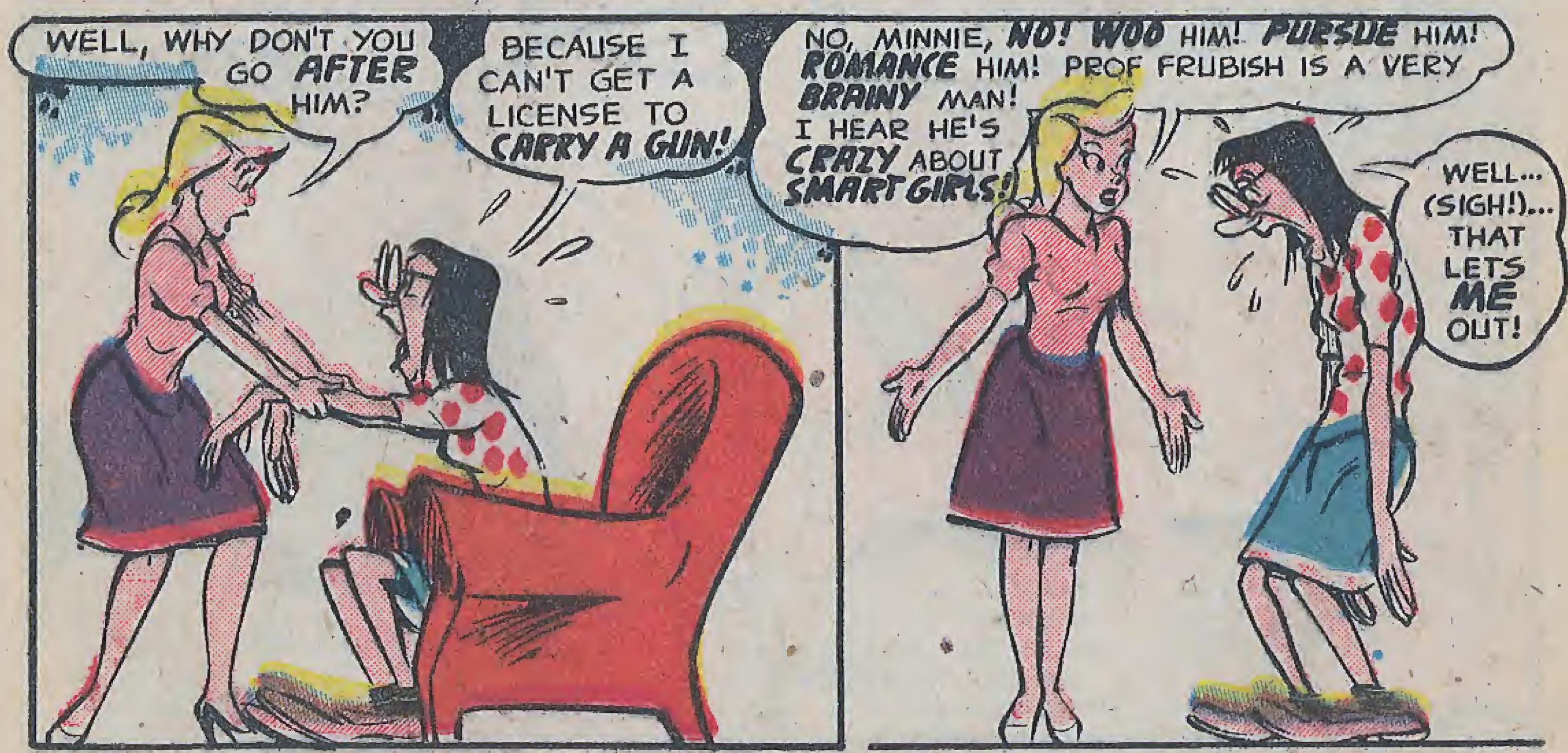




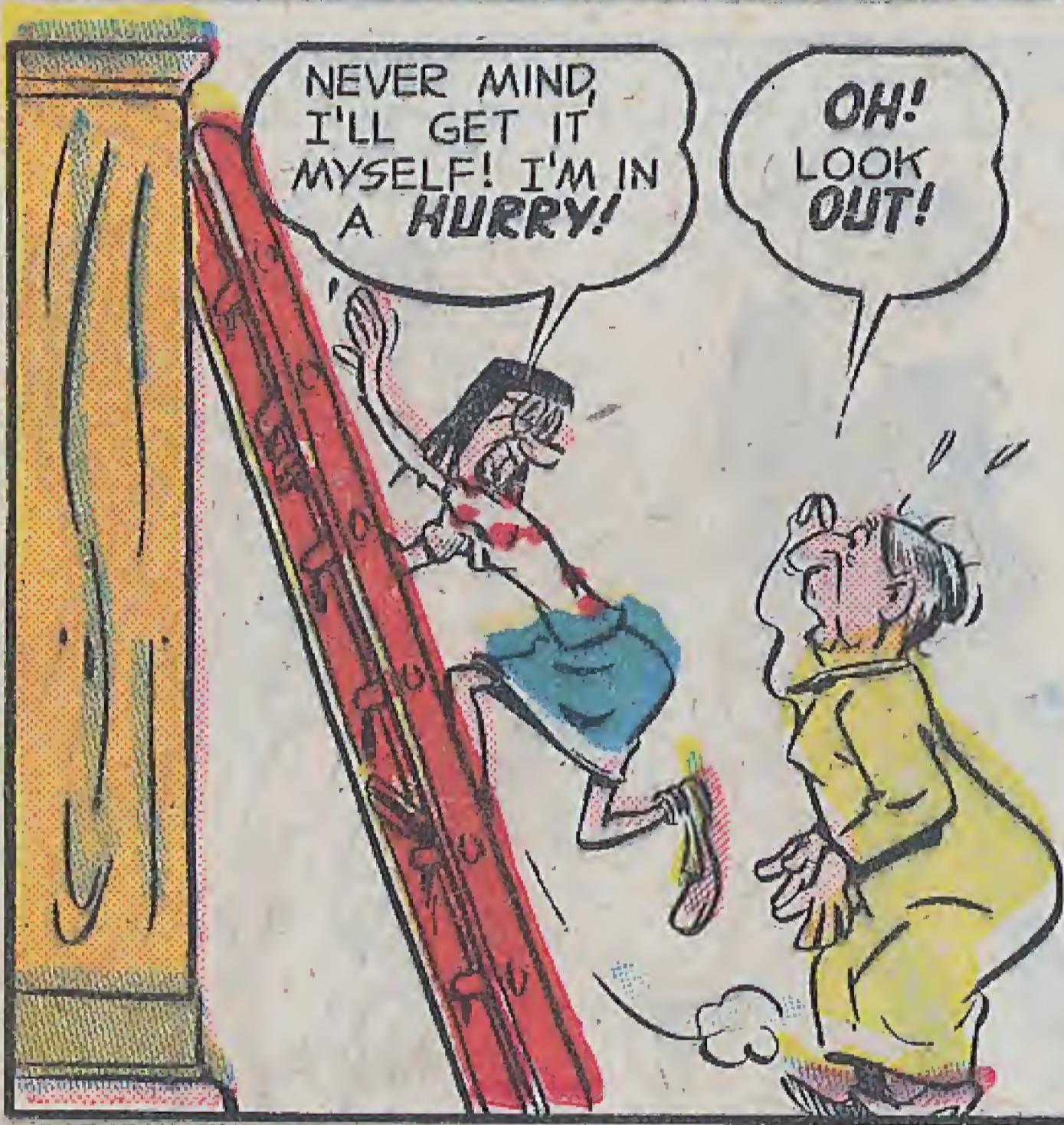
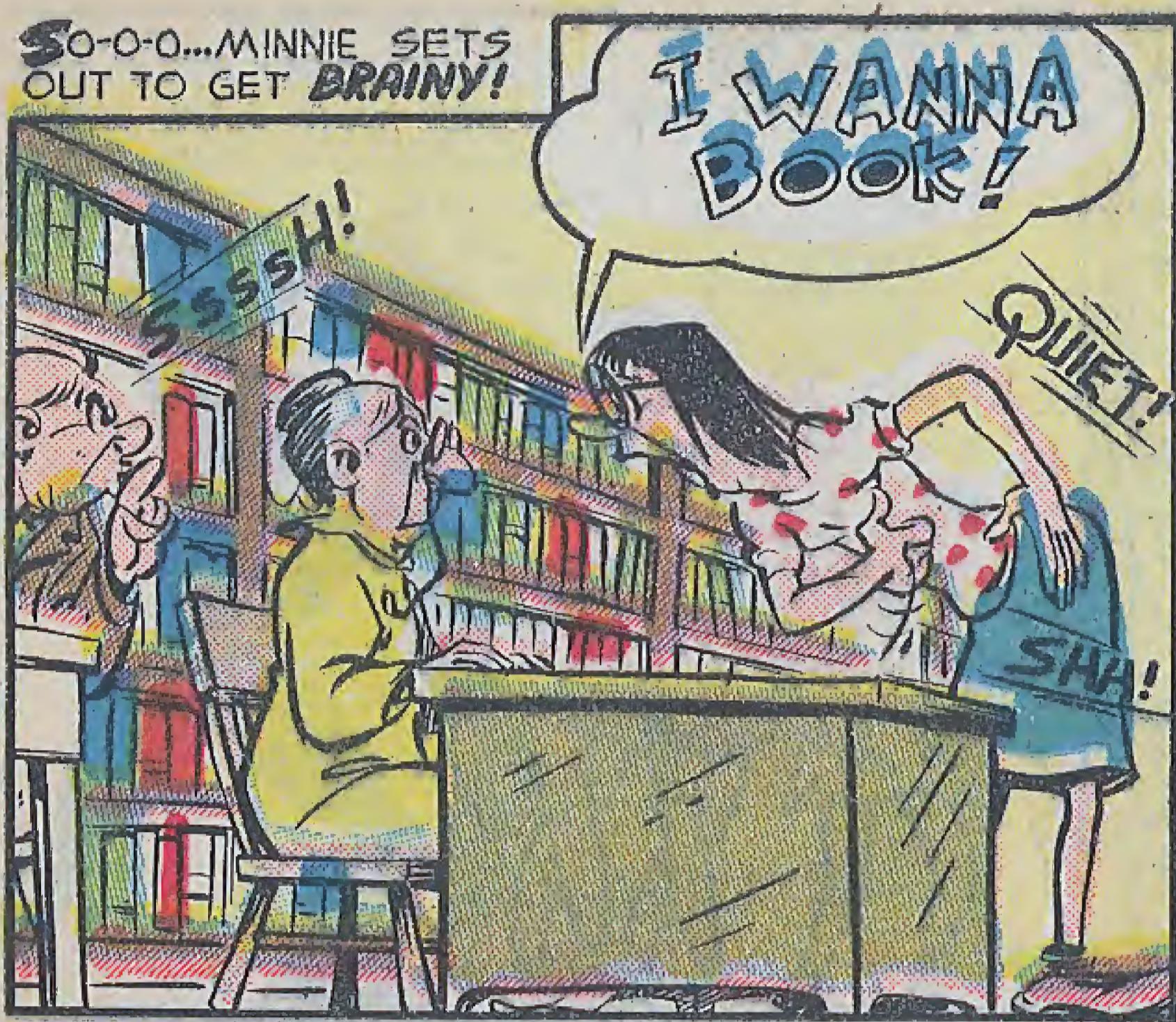
MAN-HUNTING MINNIE

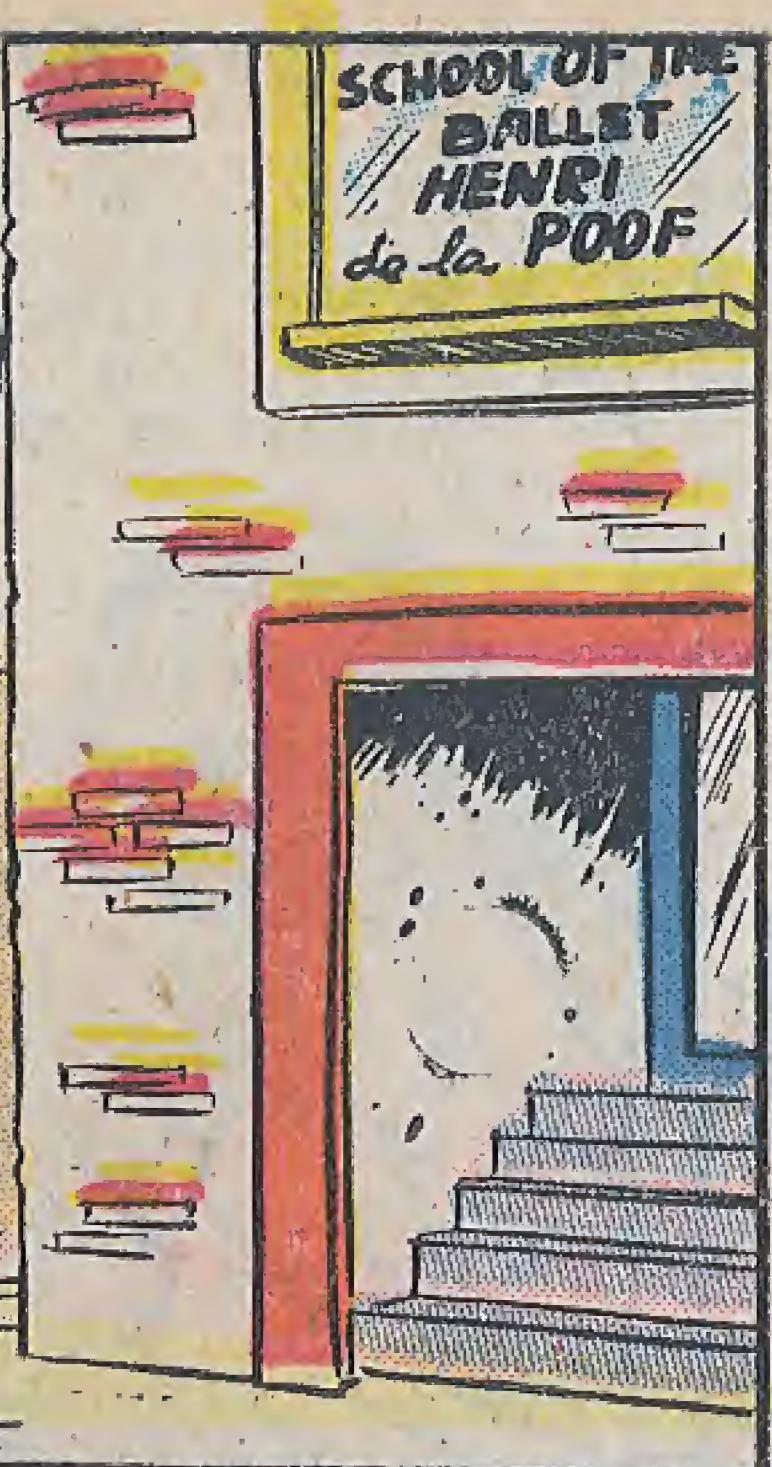
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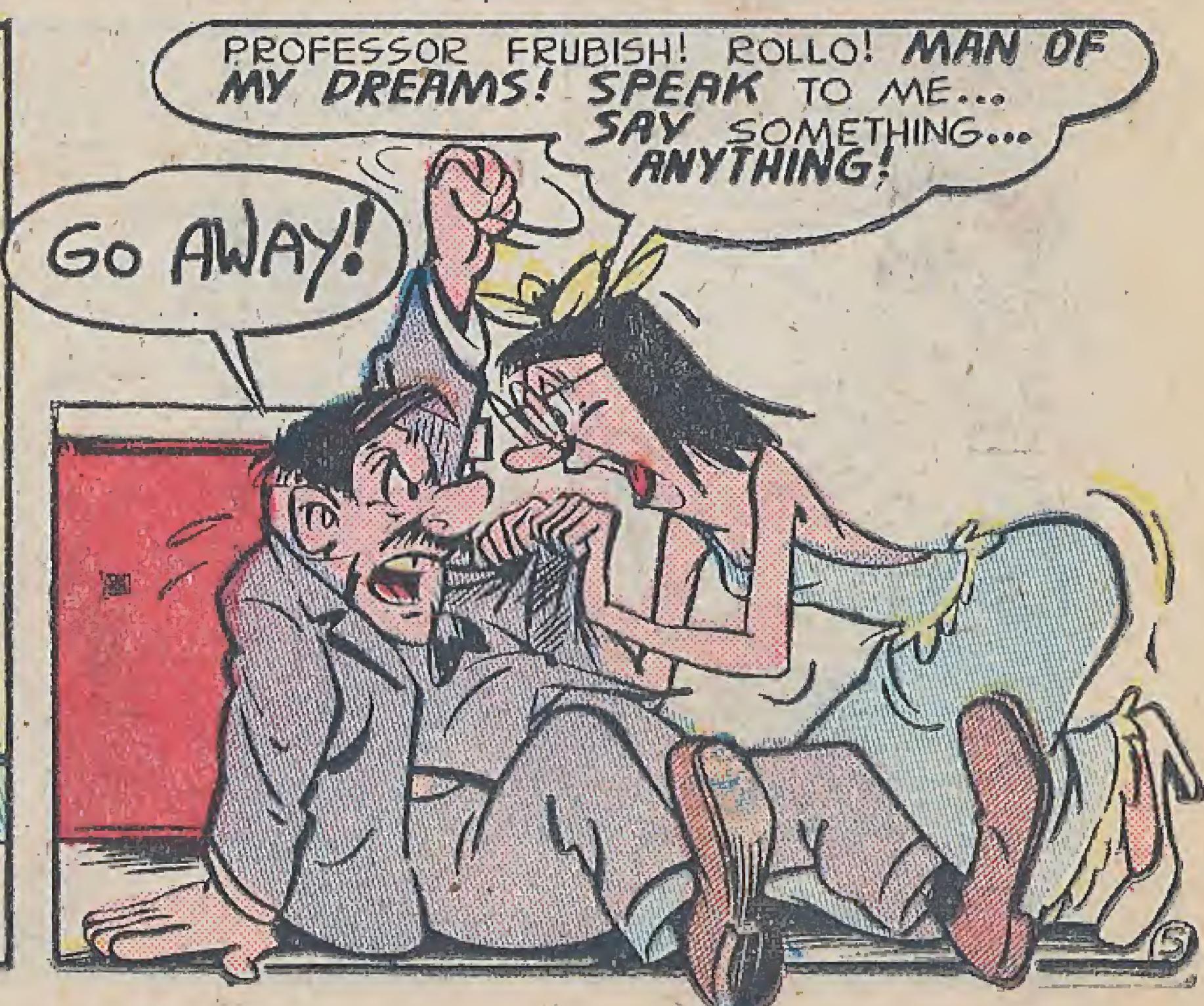
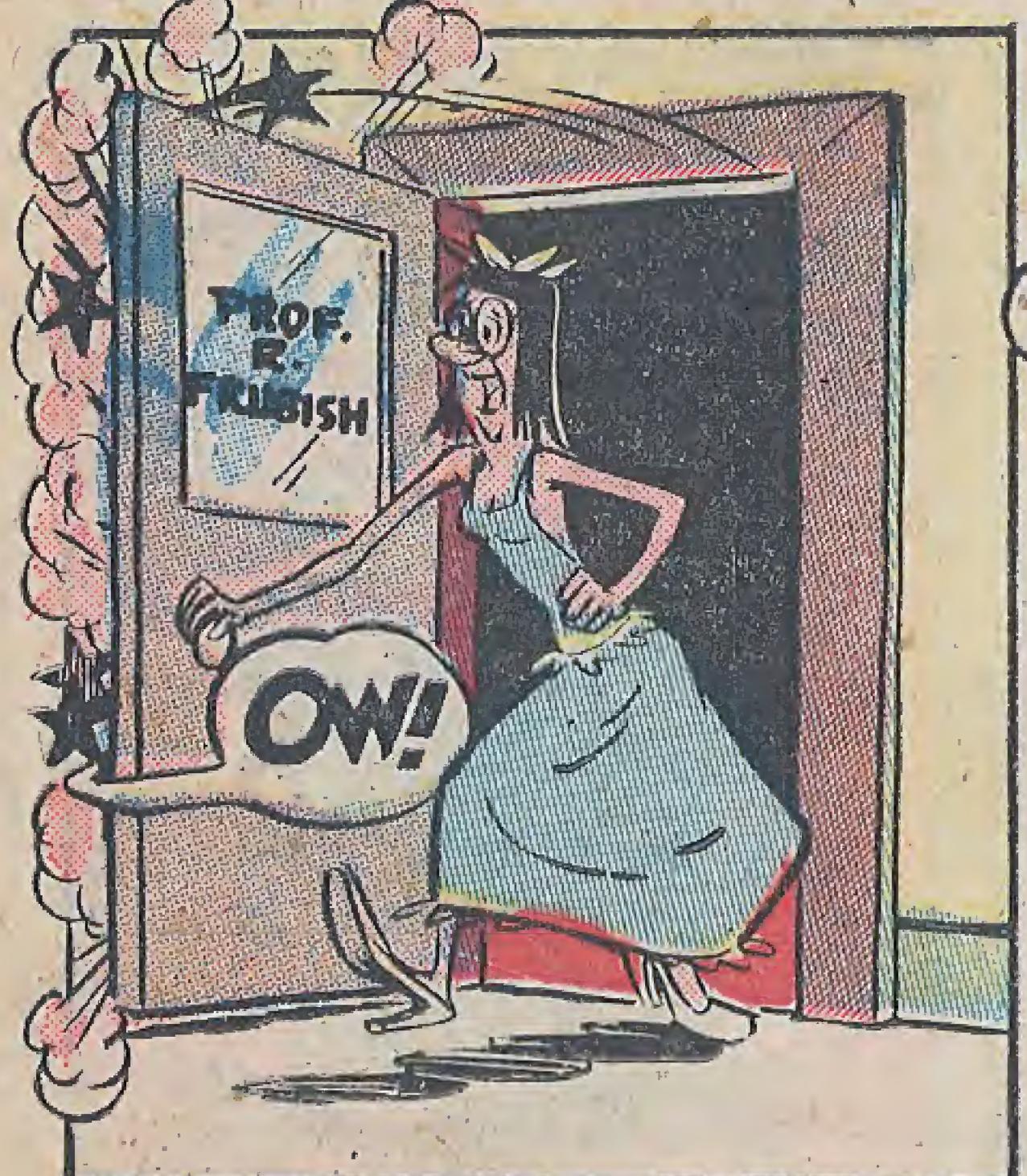
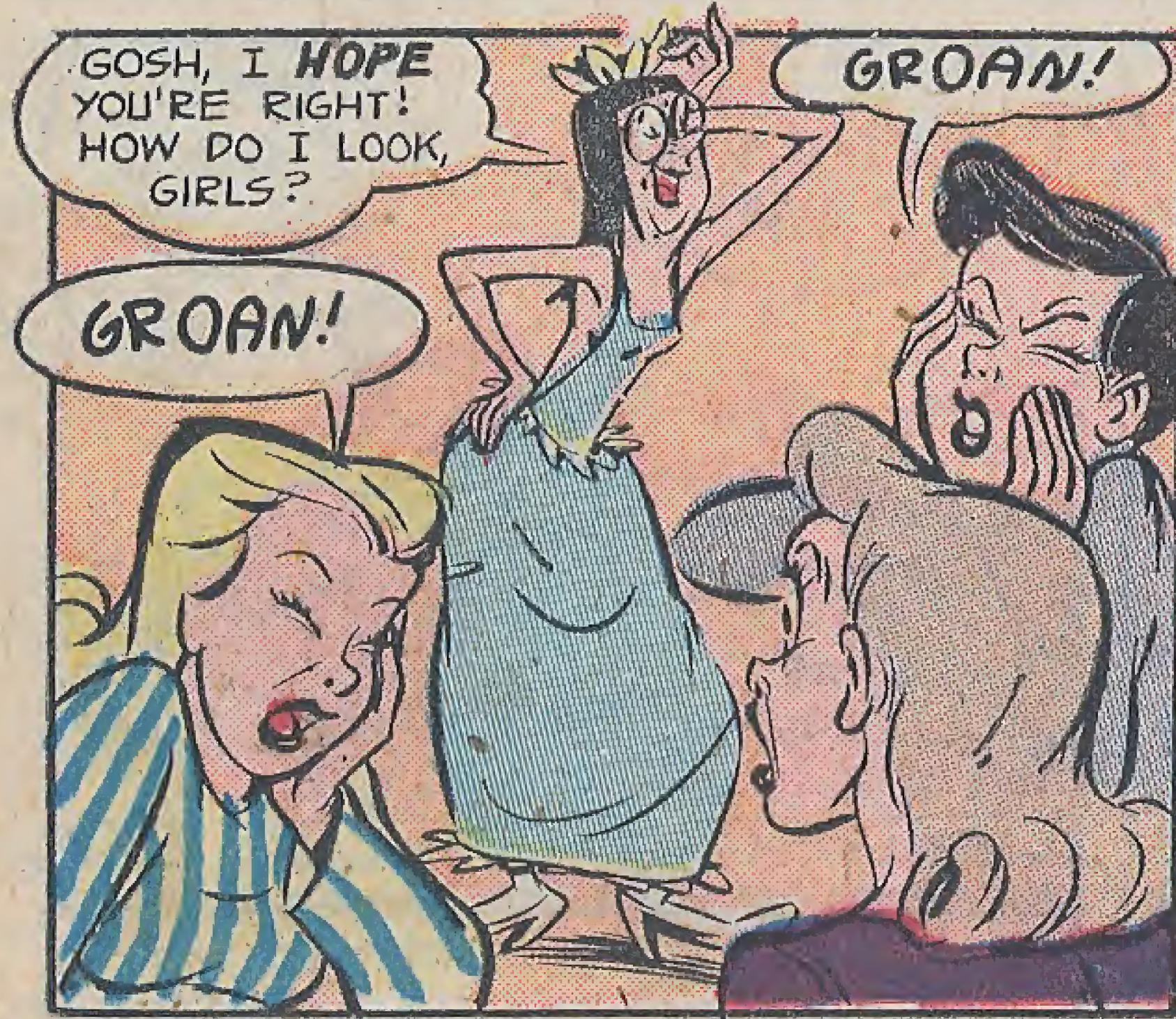
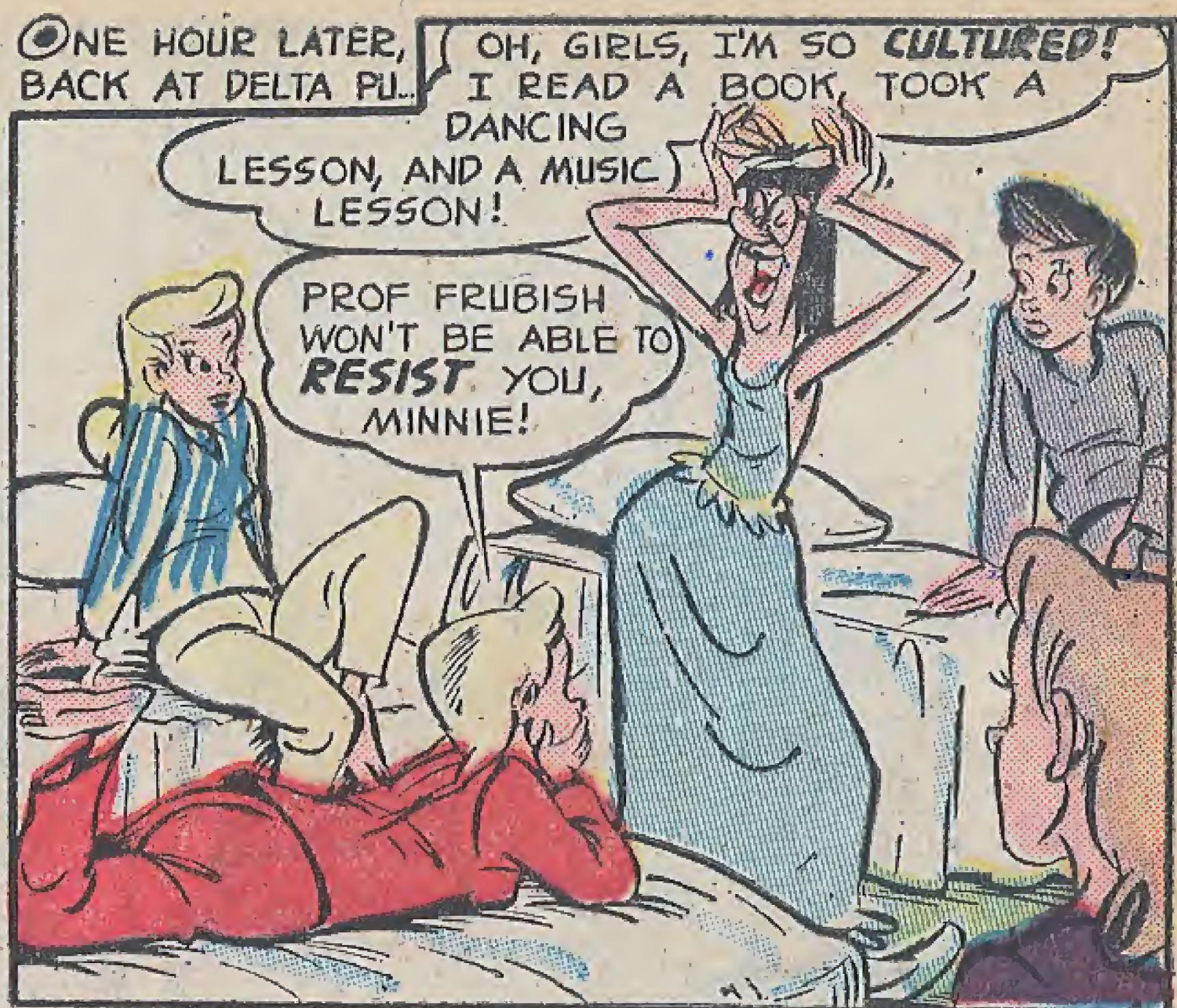


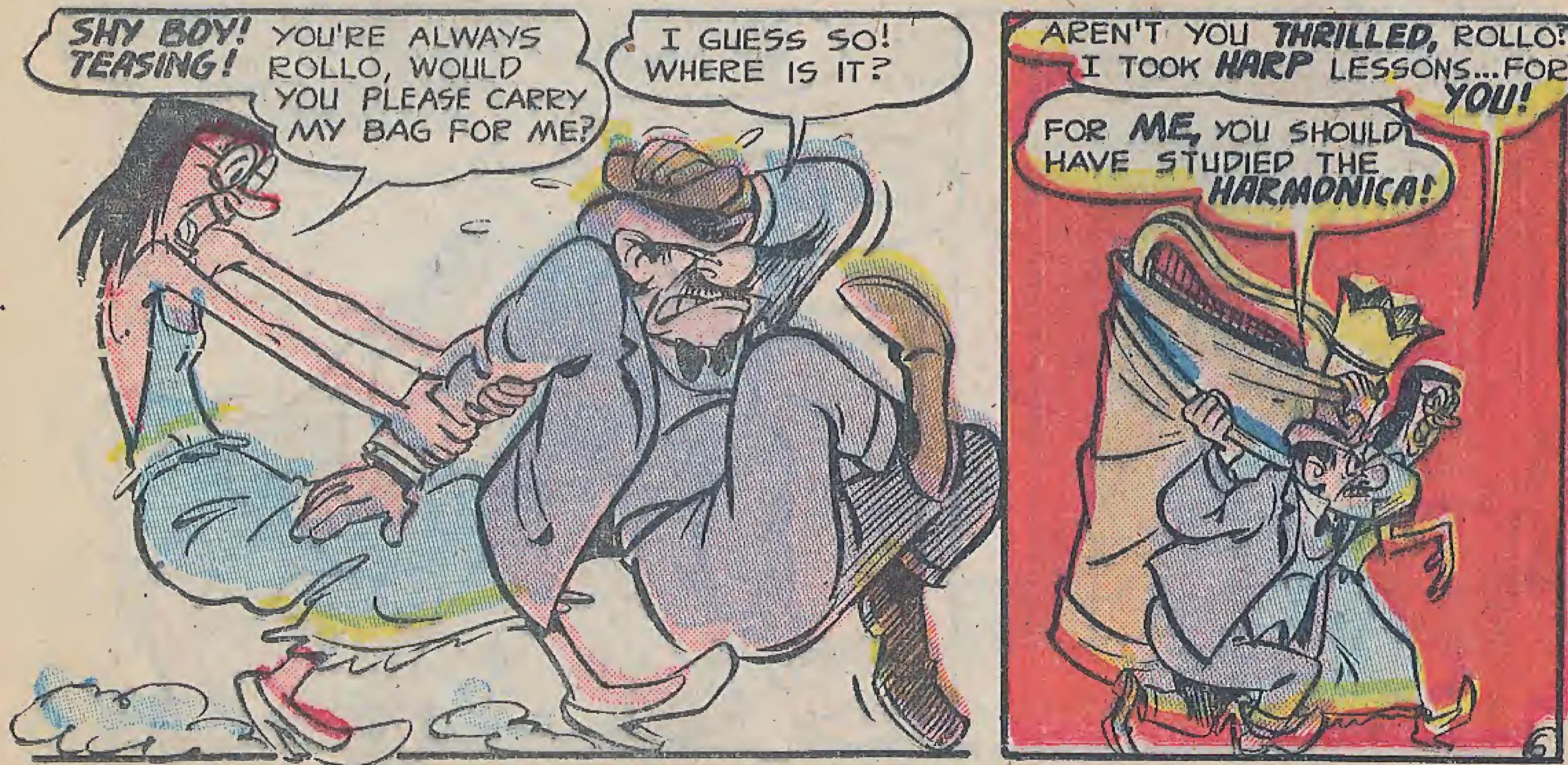
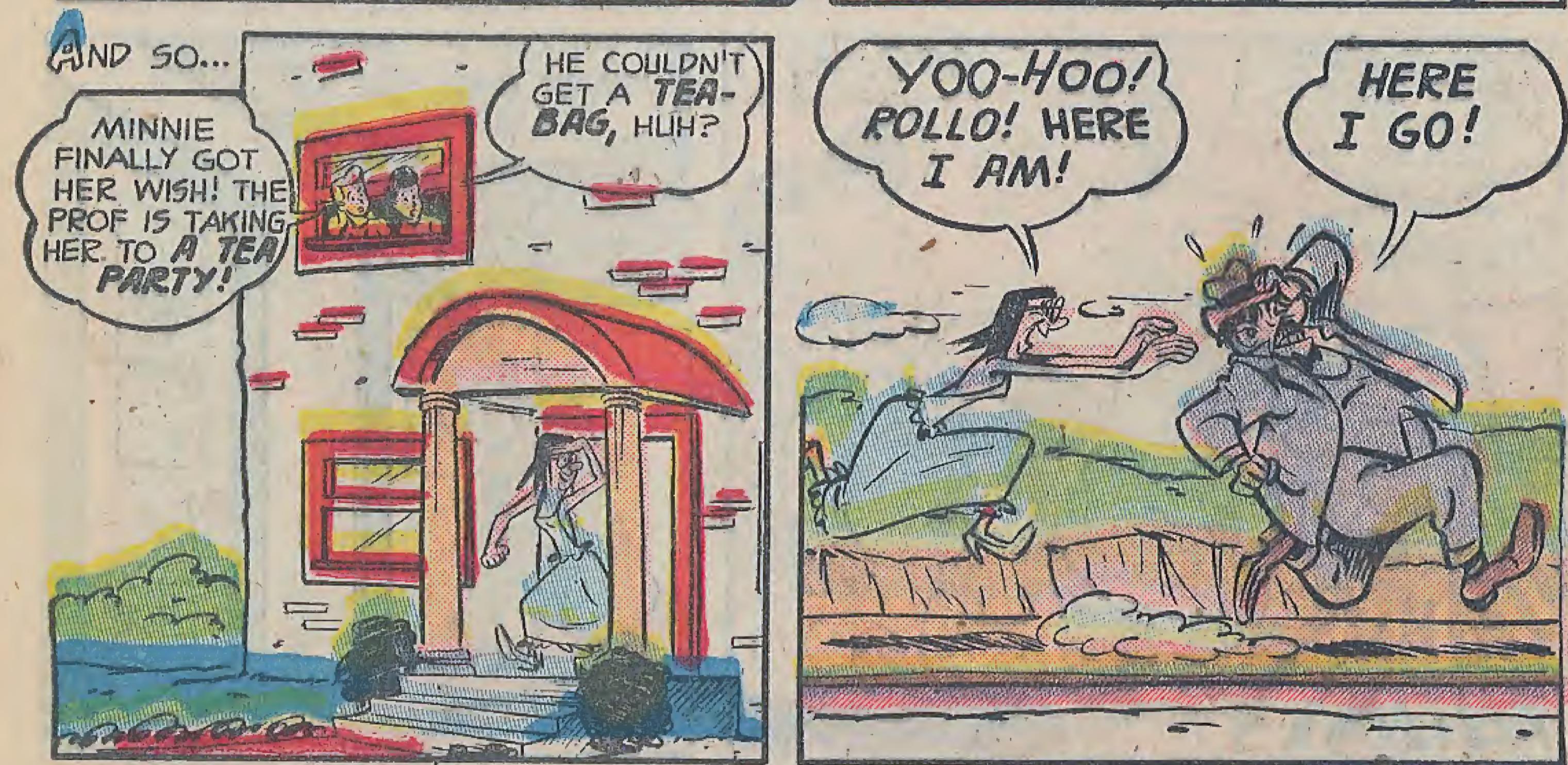


SO-O-O...MINNIE SETS OUT TO GET BRAINY!

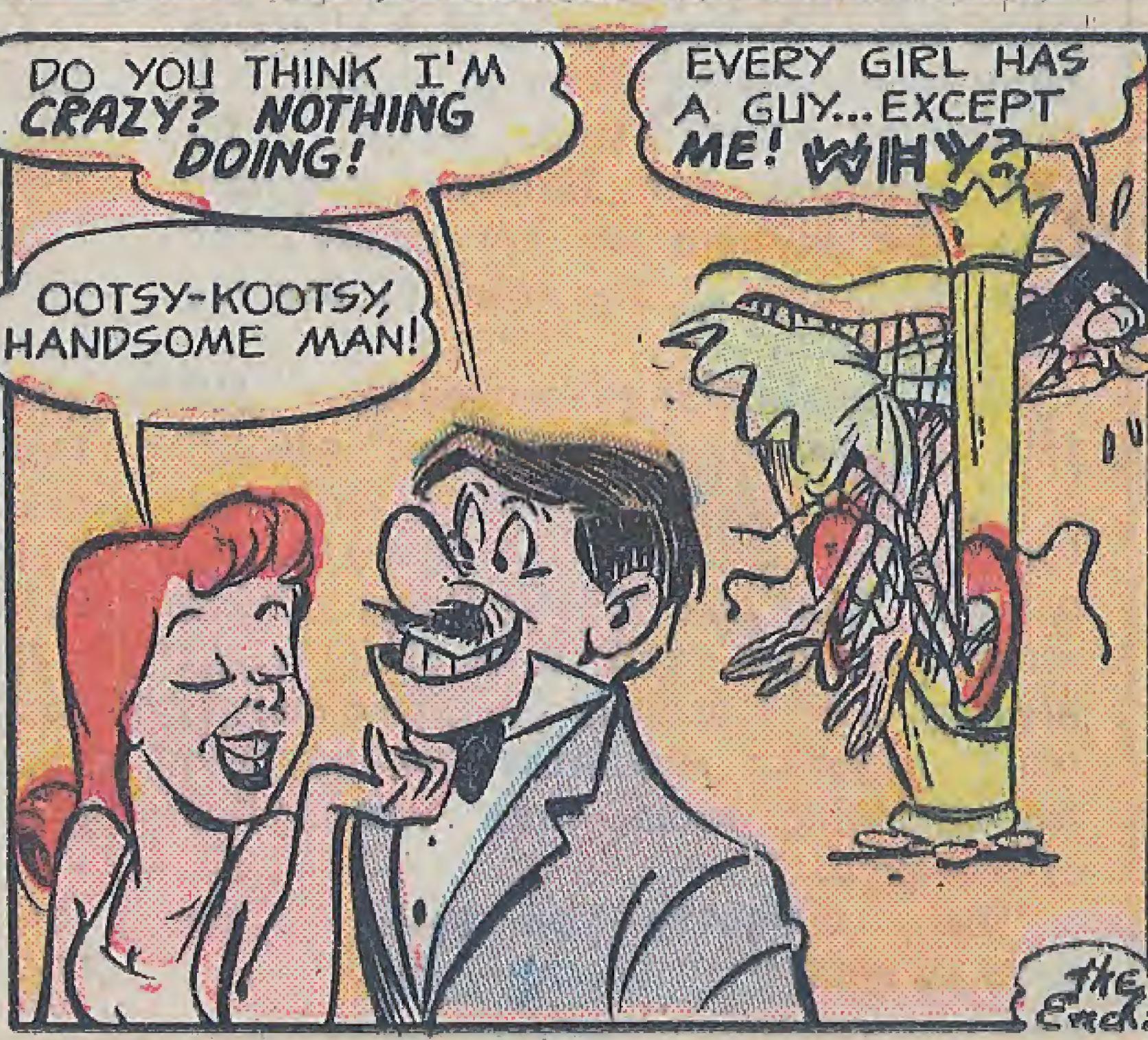
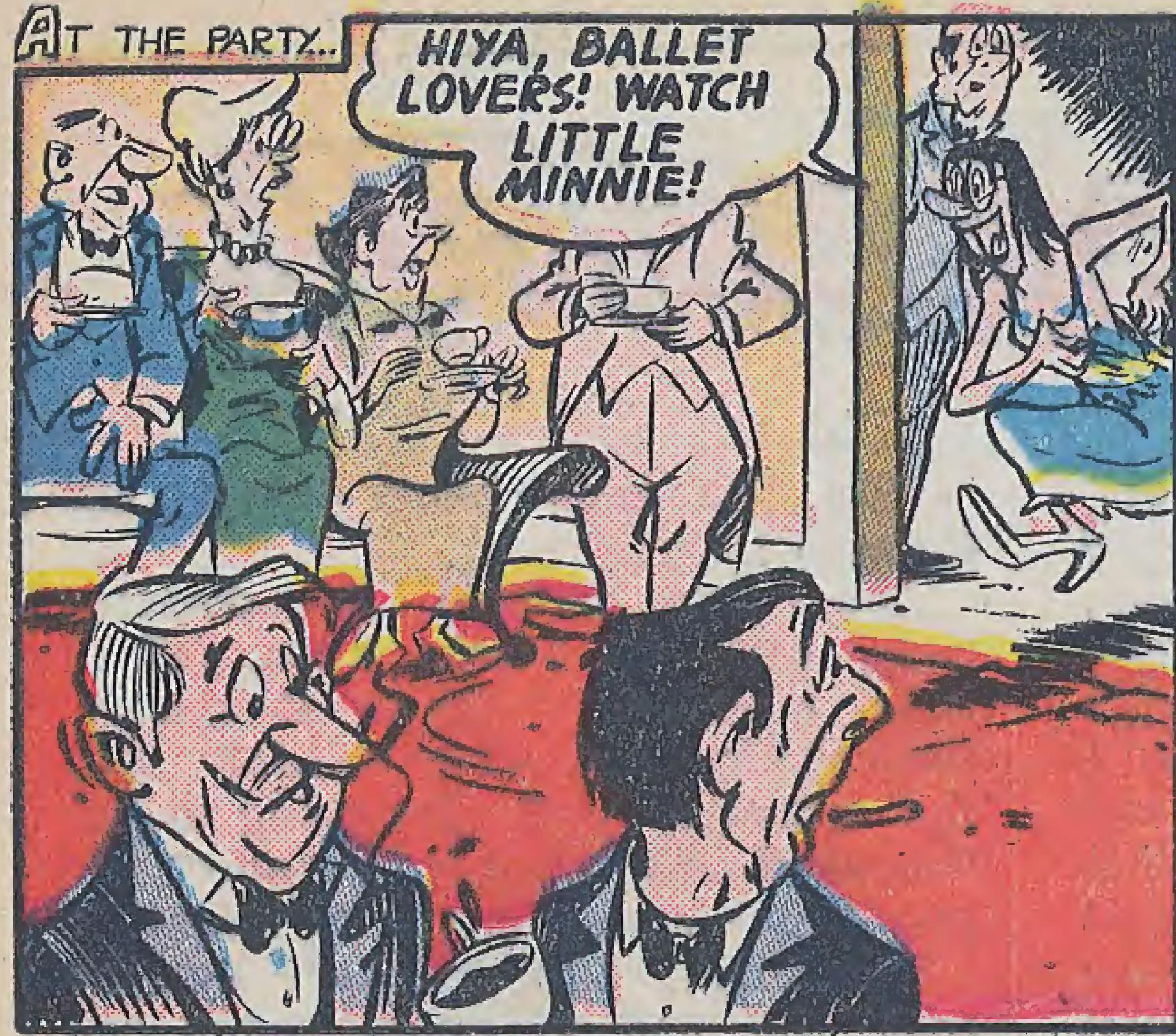








AT THE PARTY...



BRIEF ^{...but} BEAUTIFUL!

WHO SAYS MODELS are dumb?" Liz asked herself as she pushed her way out of the department store, a tiny parcel clutched under her shapeless arm. "Guess I'm smart enough to know a big *bargain* when I see one!"

If it was a big bargain, it was the *smallest* big bargain imaginable! For Liz had bought a bathing suit not very much larger than the price tag attached to it. What the suit lacked in proportions, however, was more than supplemented by its color, which was a shade called "double-shocking magenta". And it certainly was.

Catching a glimpse of a clock through a store window, Liz hastened her steps. "I make it a rule," she reminded herself virtuously, "never to be later than an hour! Besides, the boss will be wondering what happened to me!"

To her relieved amazement, the boss was not in sight when she returned to the showroom where high-fashion coats were displayed to buyers from all over the country. Slipping into the dressing room, Liz did a quick makeup job with a practiced hand, making her eyes a startling blue by outlining them in pencil and shadowing them with silver. As she brushed her lipstick smoothly into the corners of her mouth, she was reminded by its color of her big little bargain.

"Double-shocking magenta! I'll just slip into the suit and see..."

The lure of that bathing suit was too much for her. In less than a minute, Liz had stepped out of her street clothes and into that bright brevity. And exactly at that moment, two gorgeous creatures rushed into the dressing room, their voices full of reproach.

"Liz, where've you been? The boss is *wild*!"

"Do you know who's here? Mr. Conmer!"

And from outside the dressing room, came the boss's voice, full of irate command: "Make it snappy, you girls! And where's Liz? Has she turned up yet? I'm going to *fire* that girl...wanted her to show the gray fleece coat with the fur lining..."

Trembling, Liz reached for the coat she was to model before one of the most important coat buyers in the industry. The other girls eased into coats, adjusted them so they would fall smoothly and urged Liz, "Come on! The boss is sore!"

In the armchair reserved for top-bracket buyers, sat Mr. Conmer, looking sour. He viewed the coats as they went by, his mouth contemptuous. Then, as Liz swept towards him, his face grew somewhat interested.

"Not bad," he remarked, viewing the gray fleece. "Let's see the lining."

Instead of complying, Liz hugged the coat tightly around her.

The boss, his face livid, hissed, "You heard Mr. Conmer! Show him the lining!"

Liz gulped. "But...but..." Then, seeing that her boss might possibly explode, she said mournfully, "All right!"

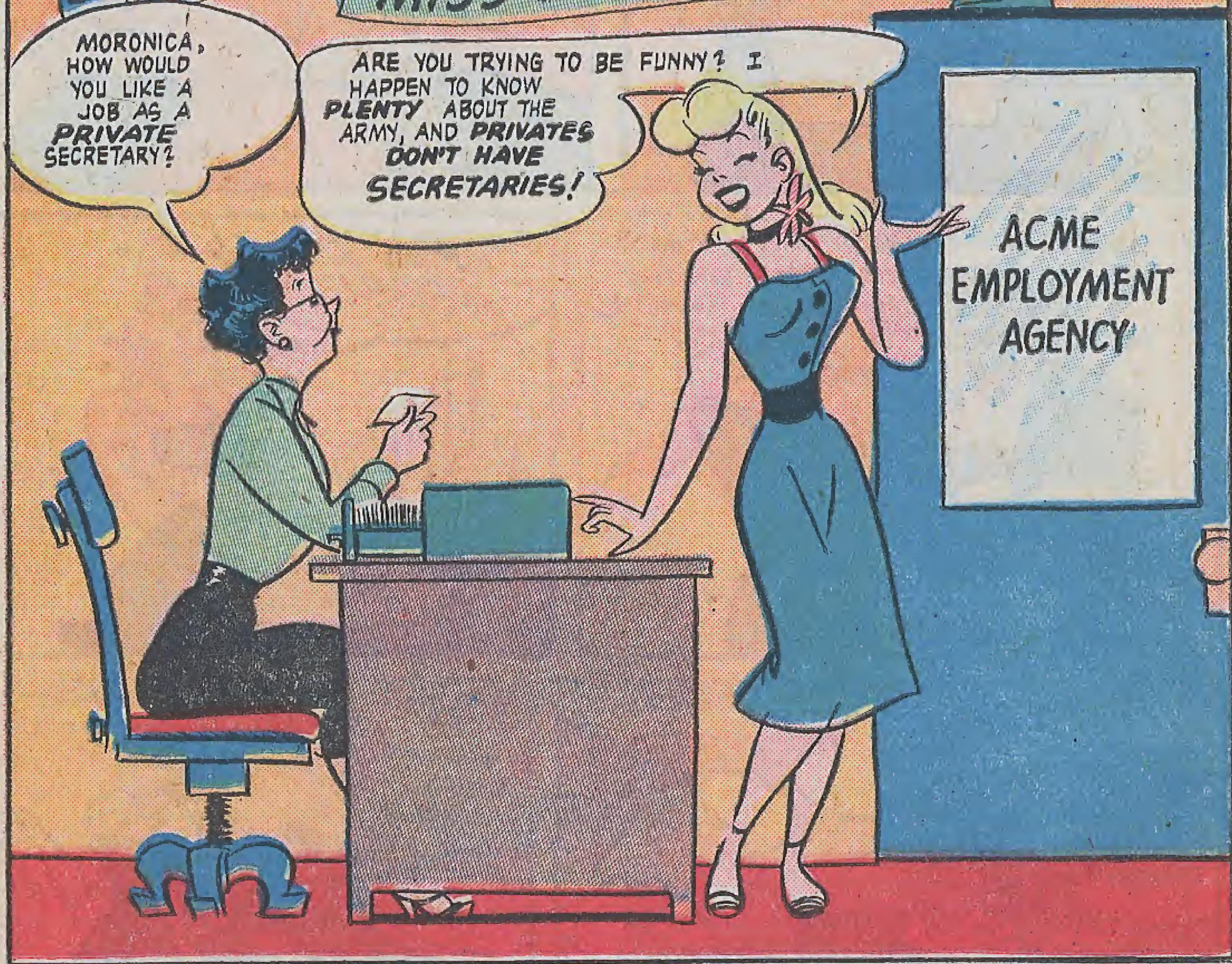
The boss gasped. Mr. Conmer gasped. Everyone in the showroom gasped. Under the heavy gray fleece coat, which was lined in fur, were two small patches of phosphorescent satin in a color known as "double-shocking magenta". It was crazy, wild, ridiculous!

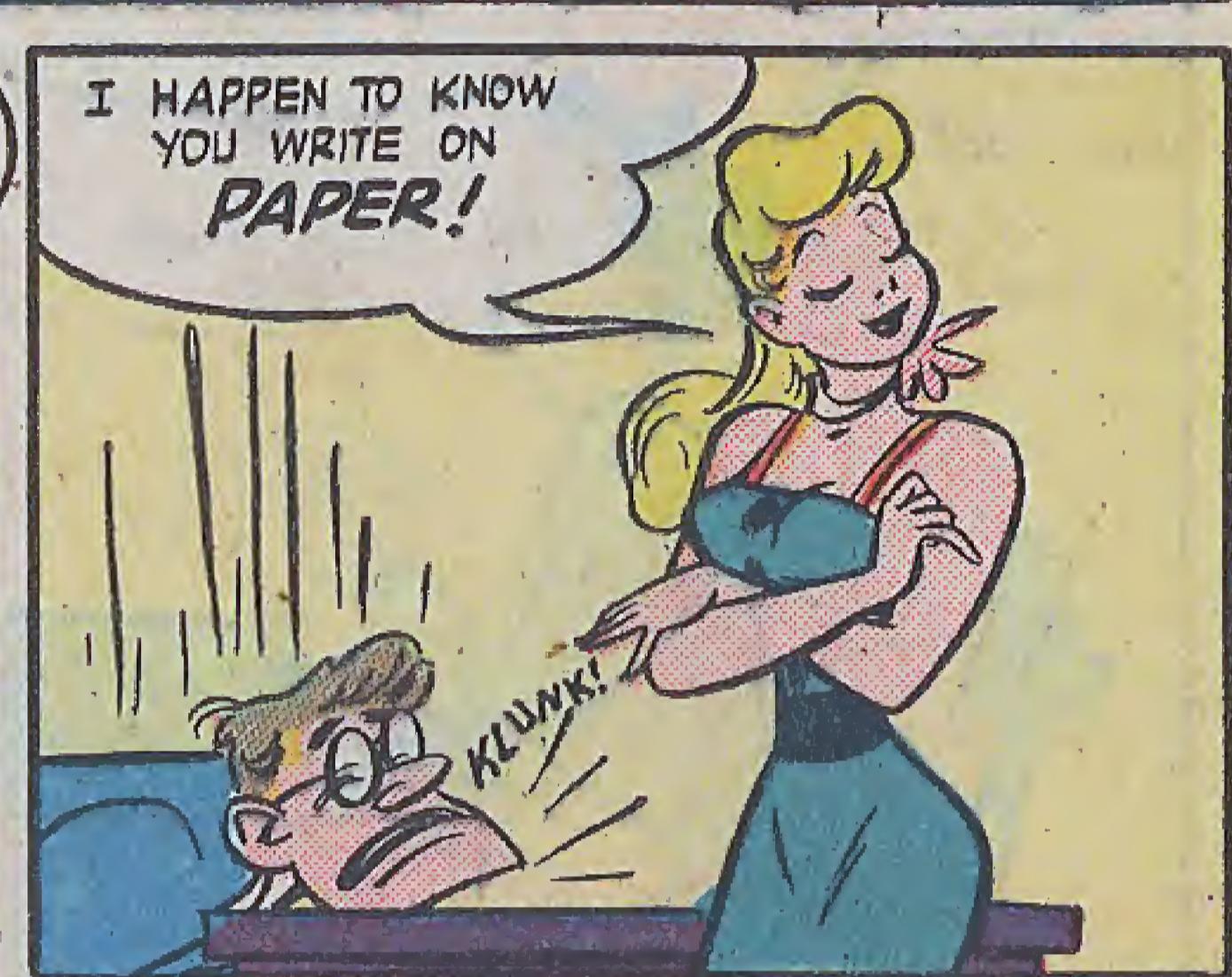
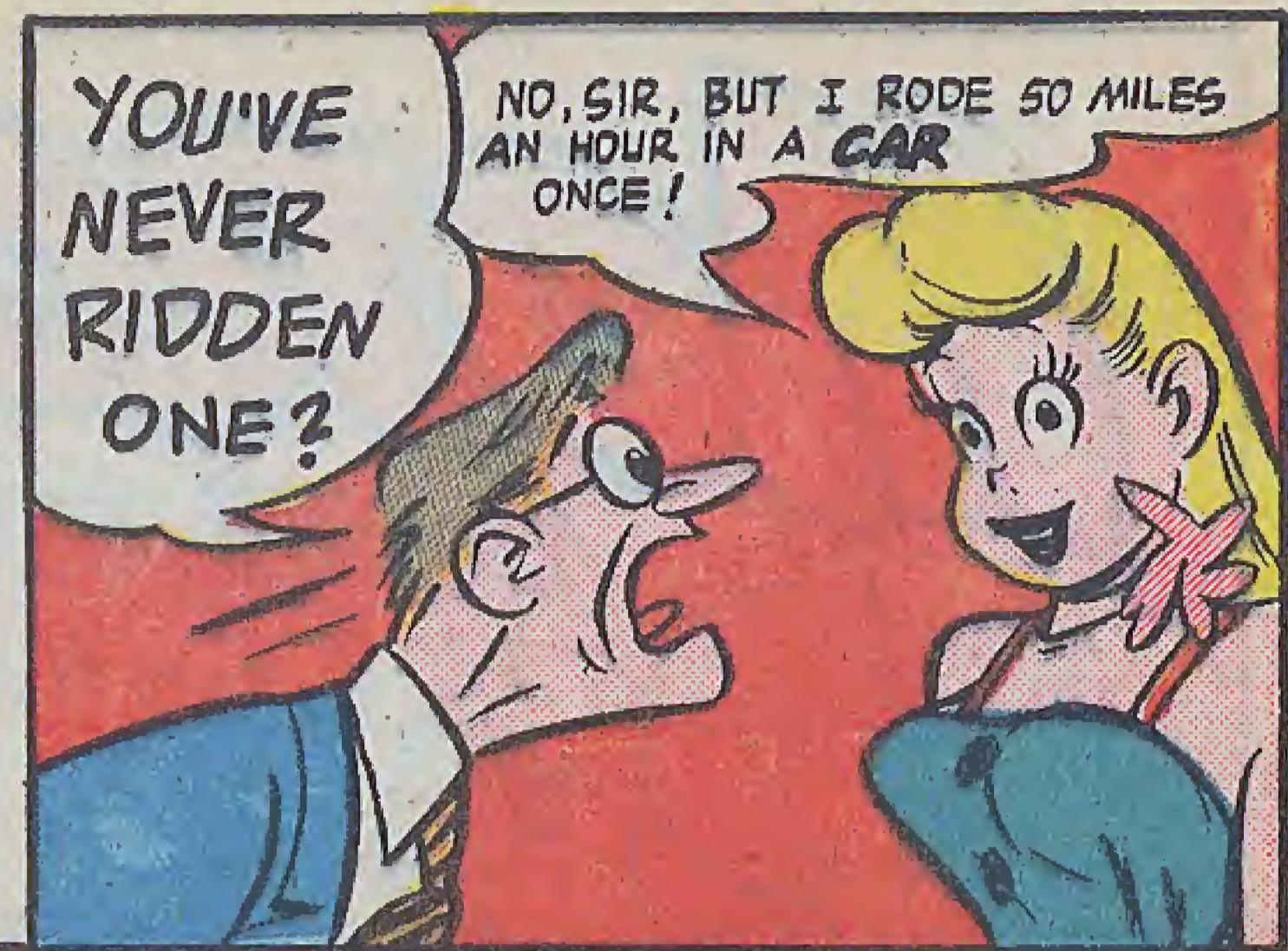
Mr. Conmer smiled. It was the first time he had ever smiled in a showroom, while on business. "Very clever! Very dramatic!"

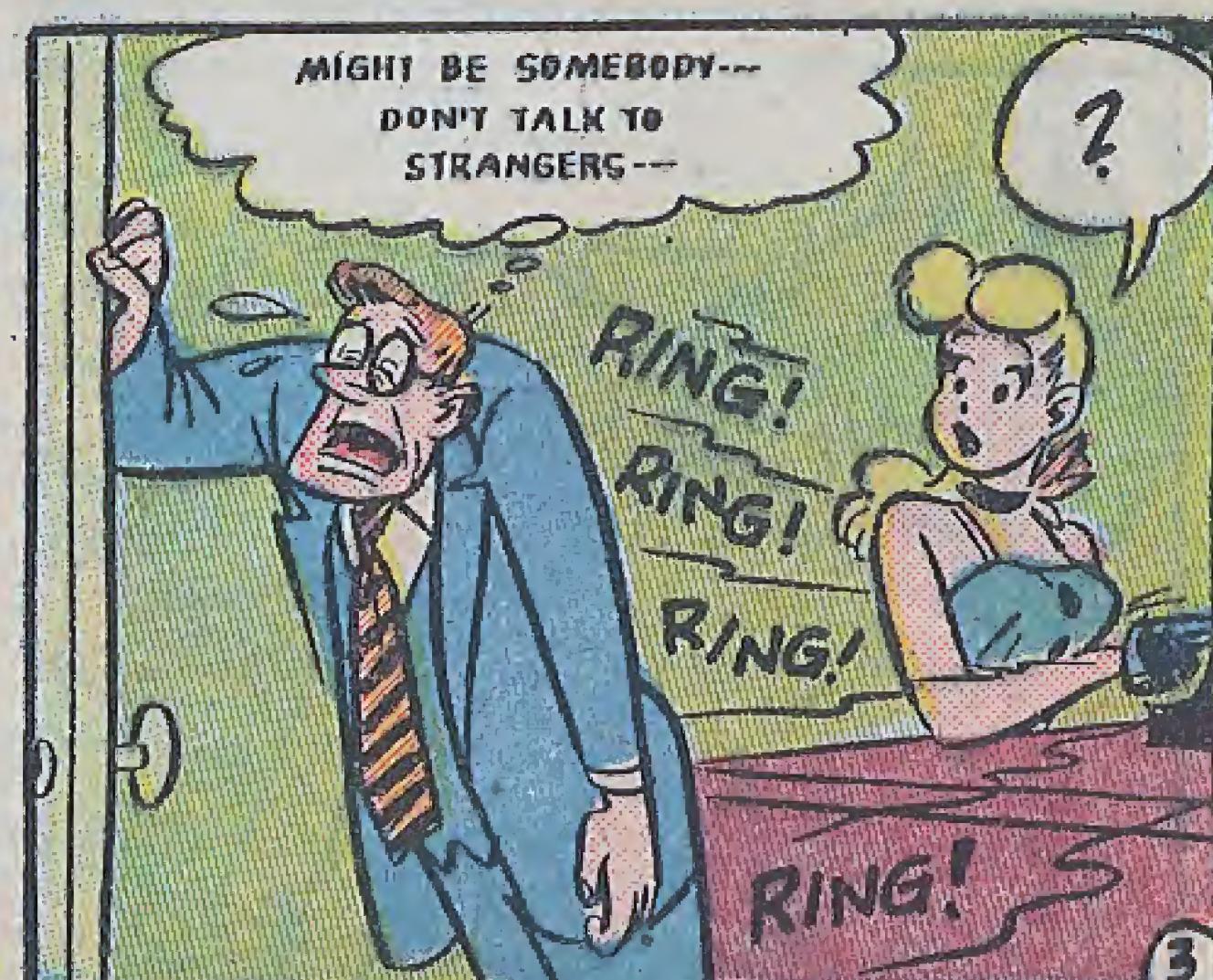
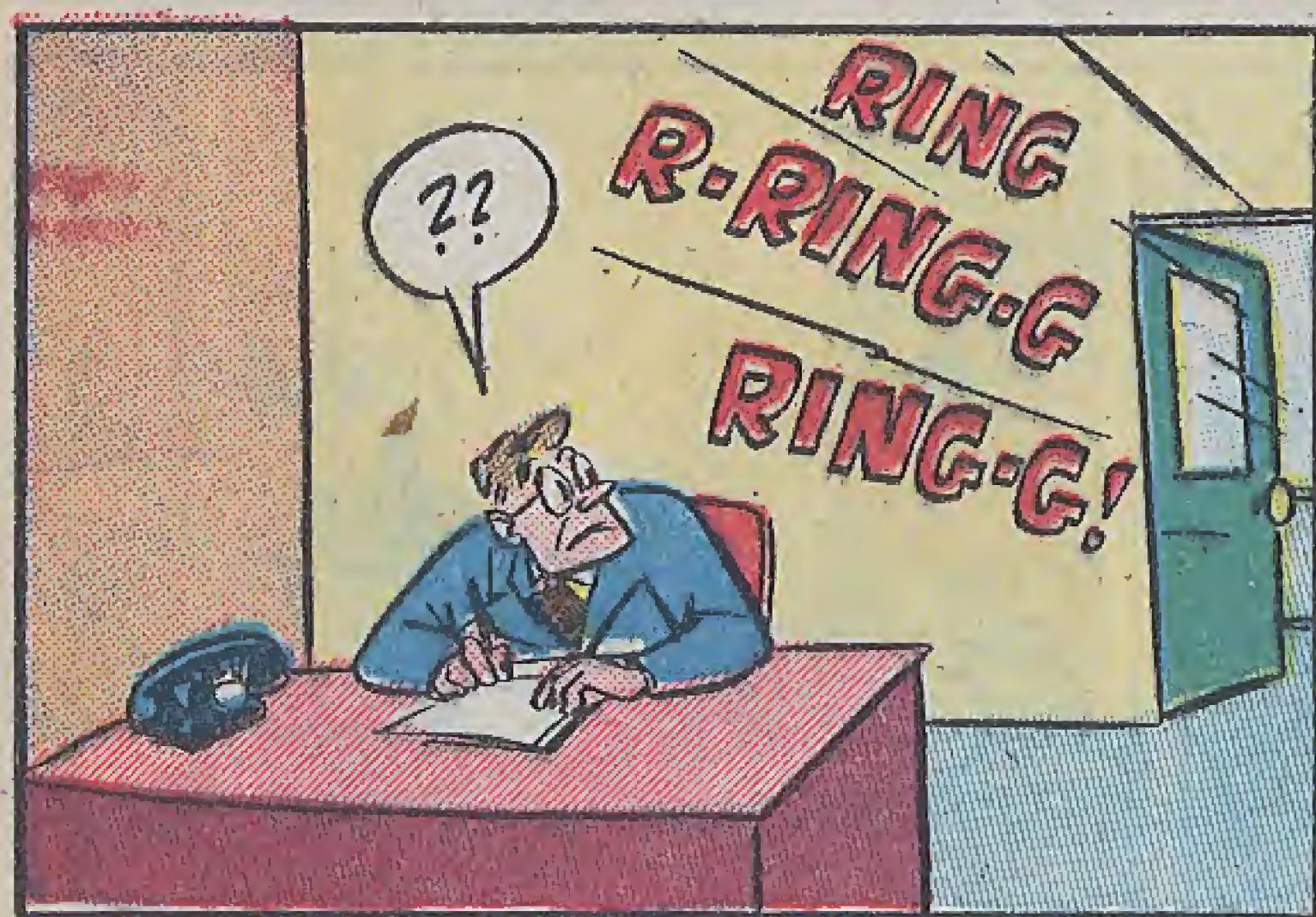
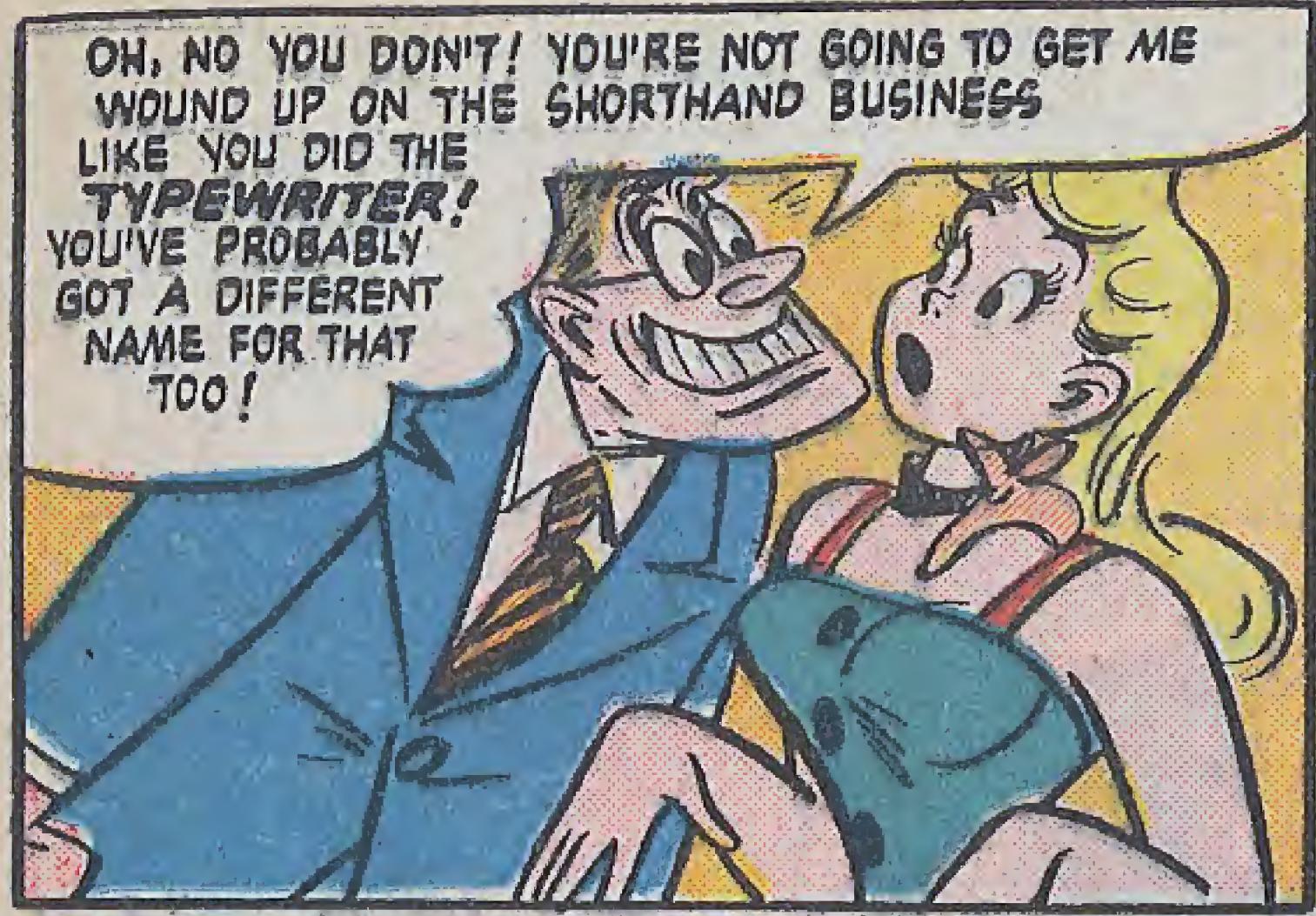
"Am...am I fired?" Liz asked.
"Not exactly," her boss replied.
"You're getting a *raise*!"

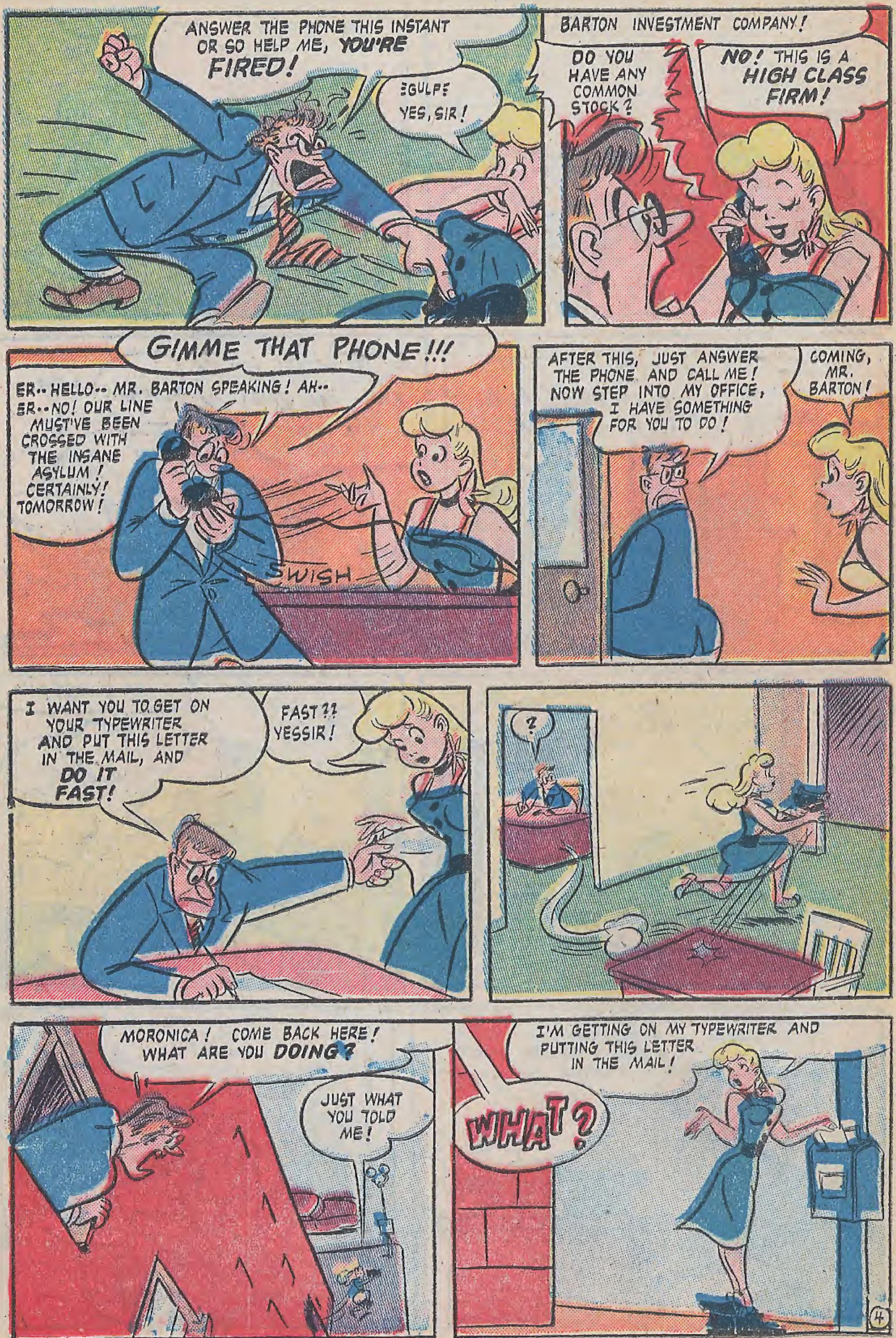
MORONICA

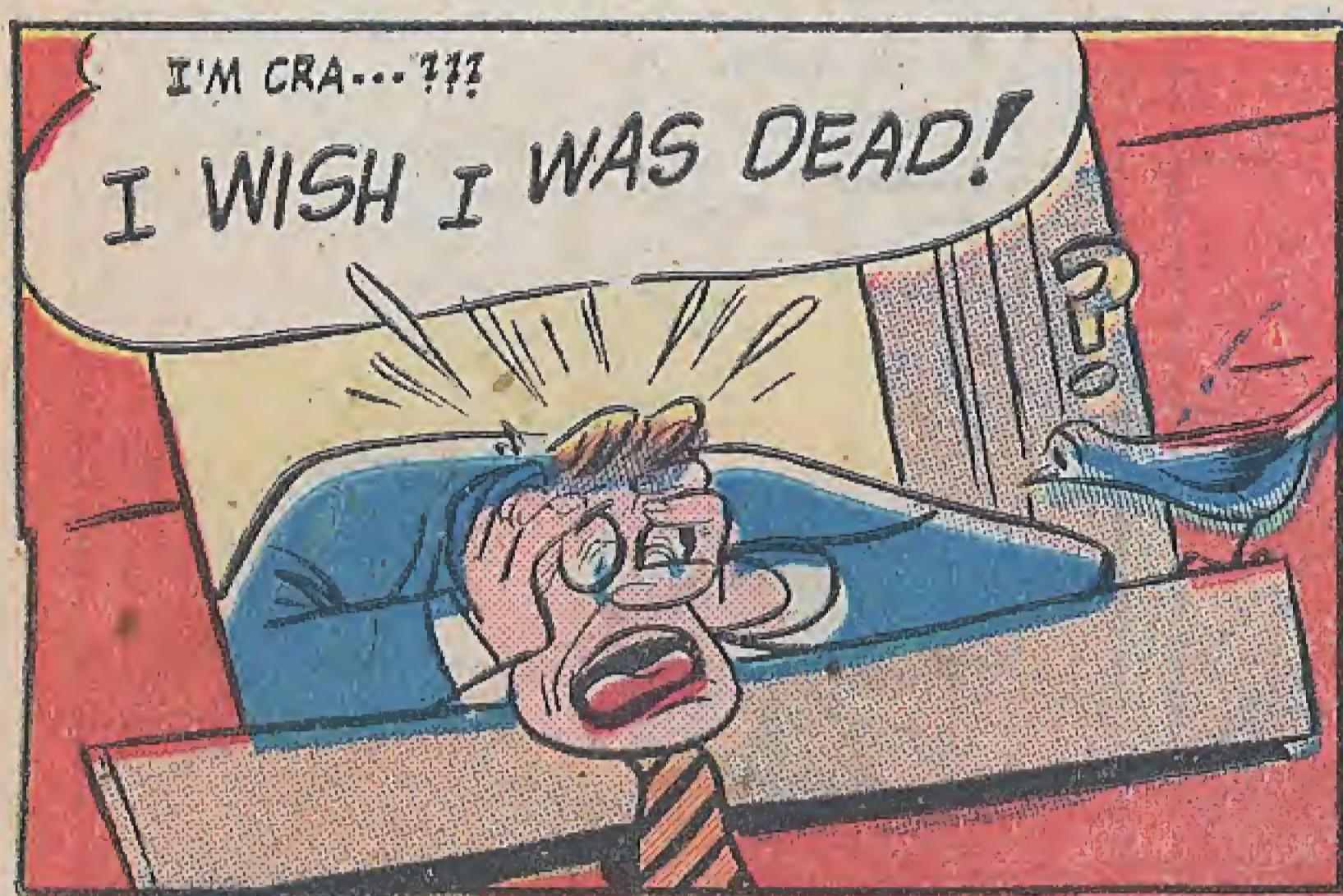
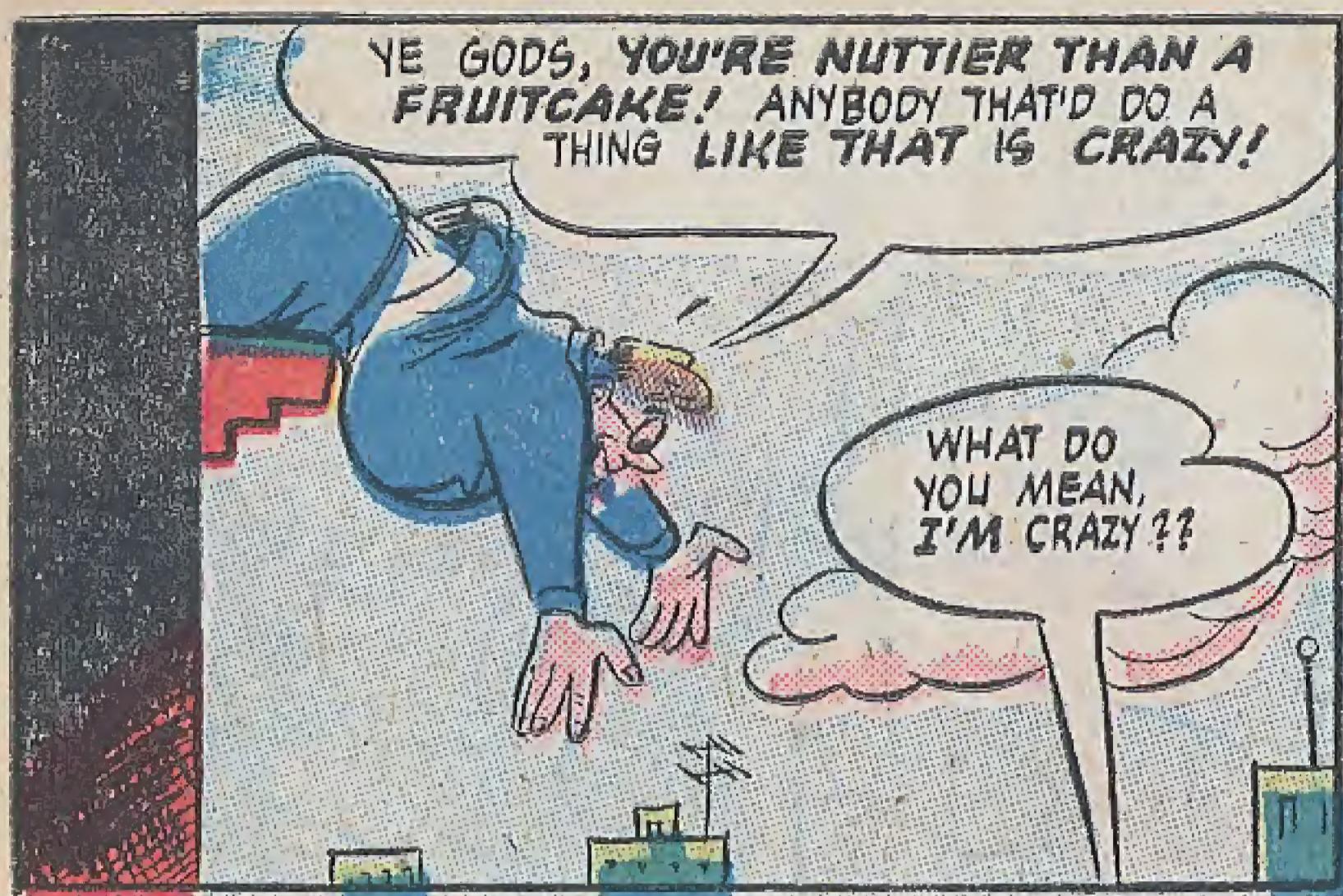
MISS NIT-WIT OF 1952

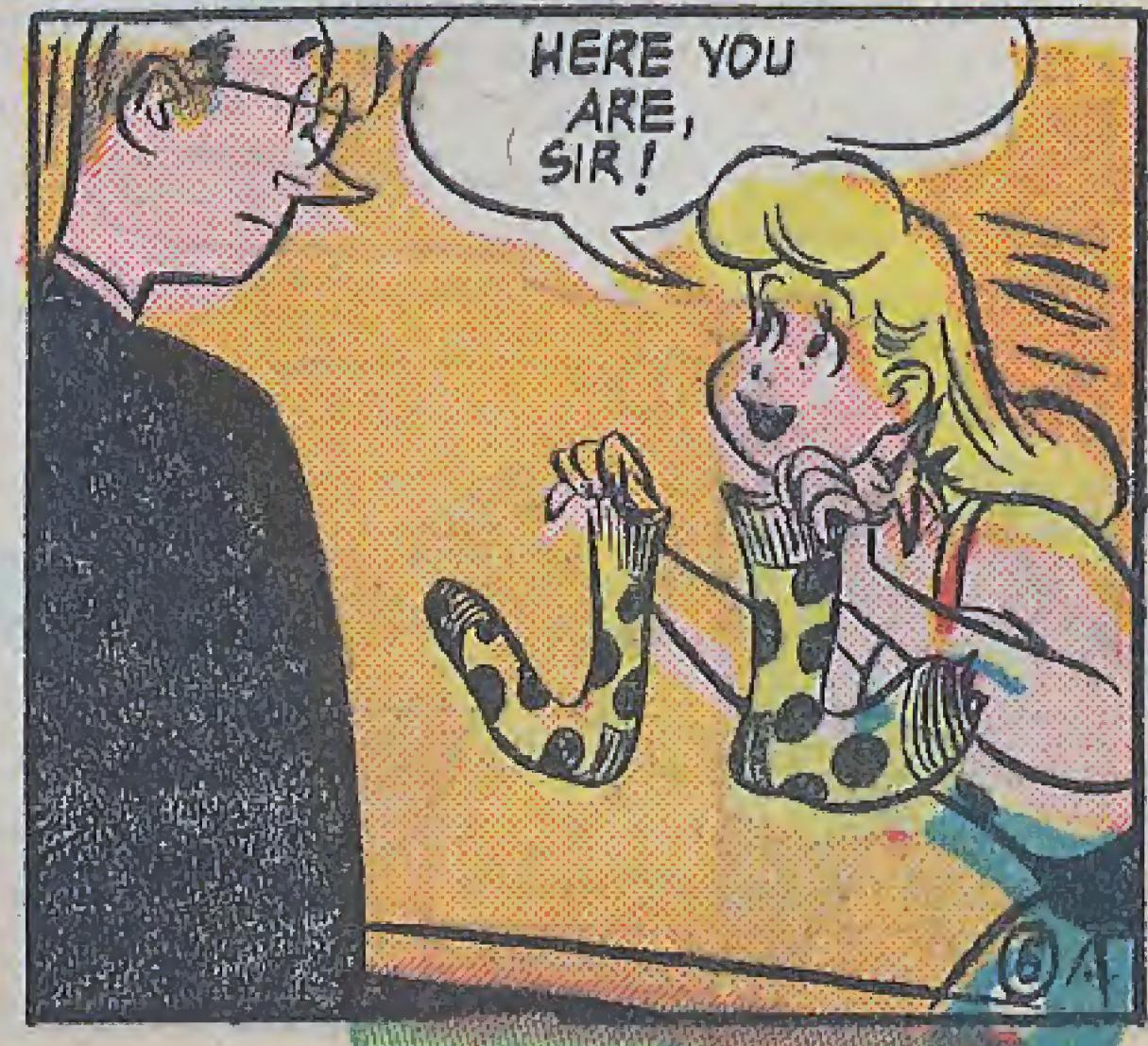
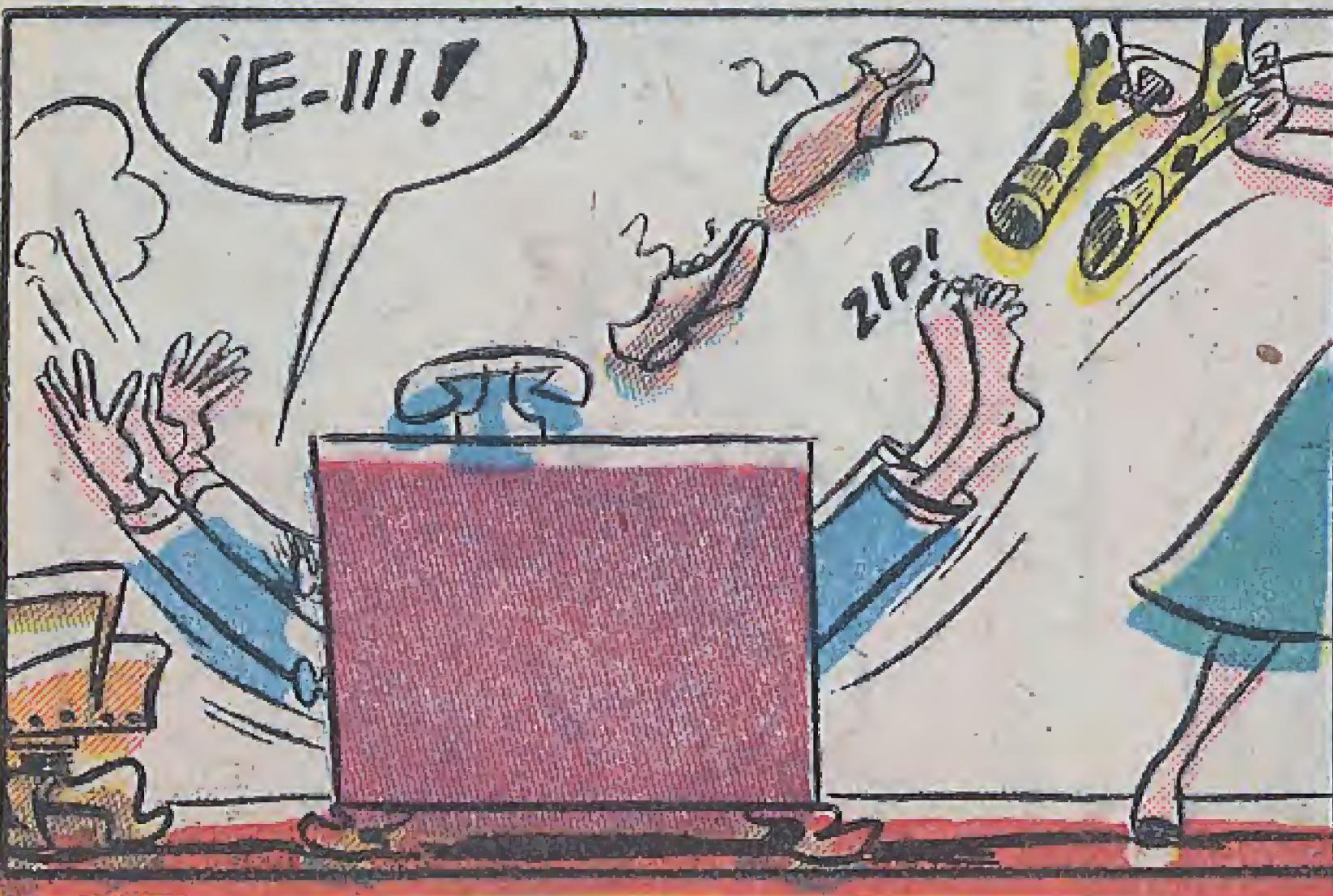
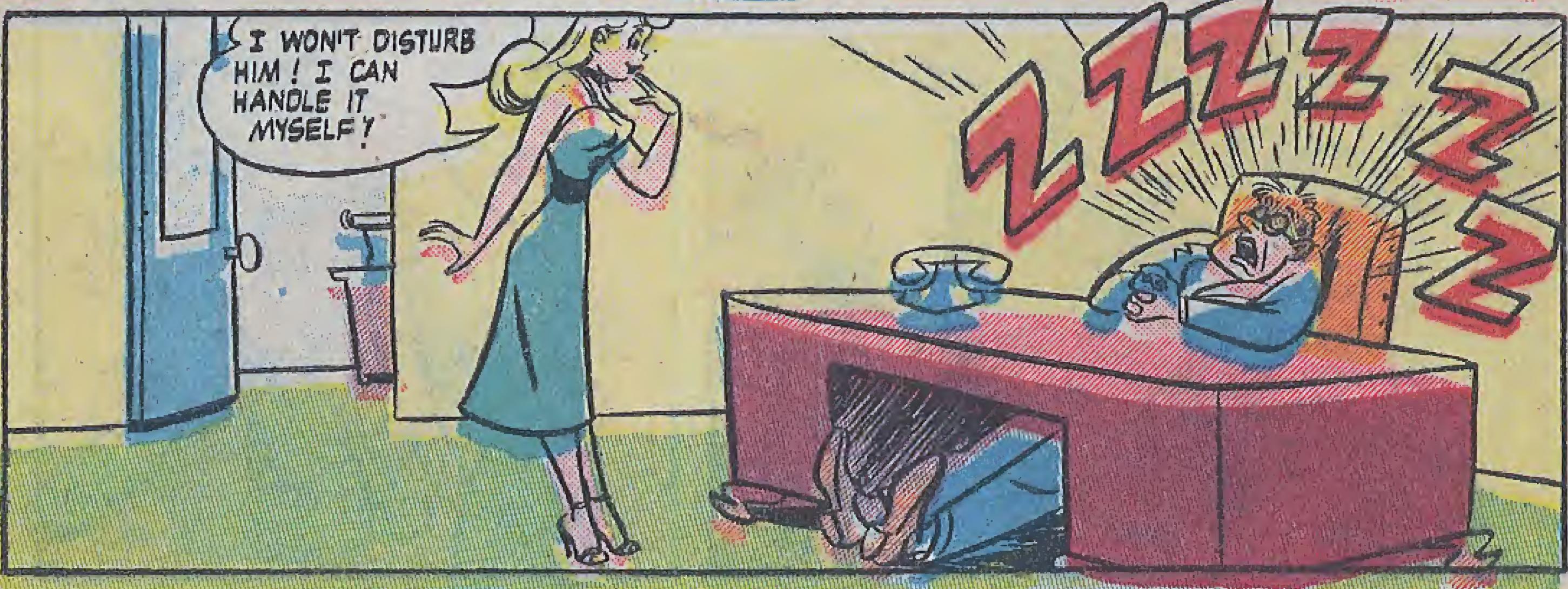
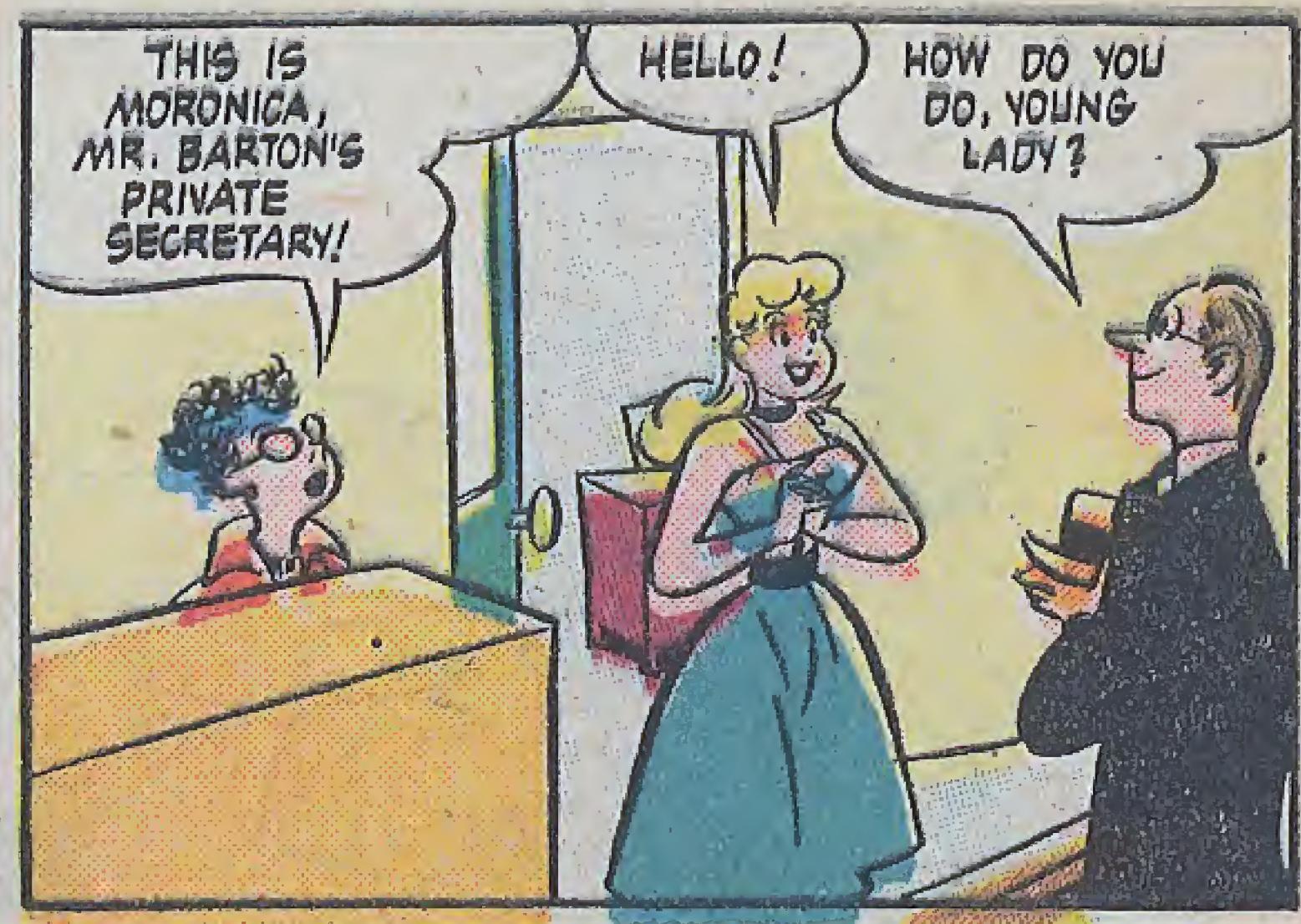
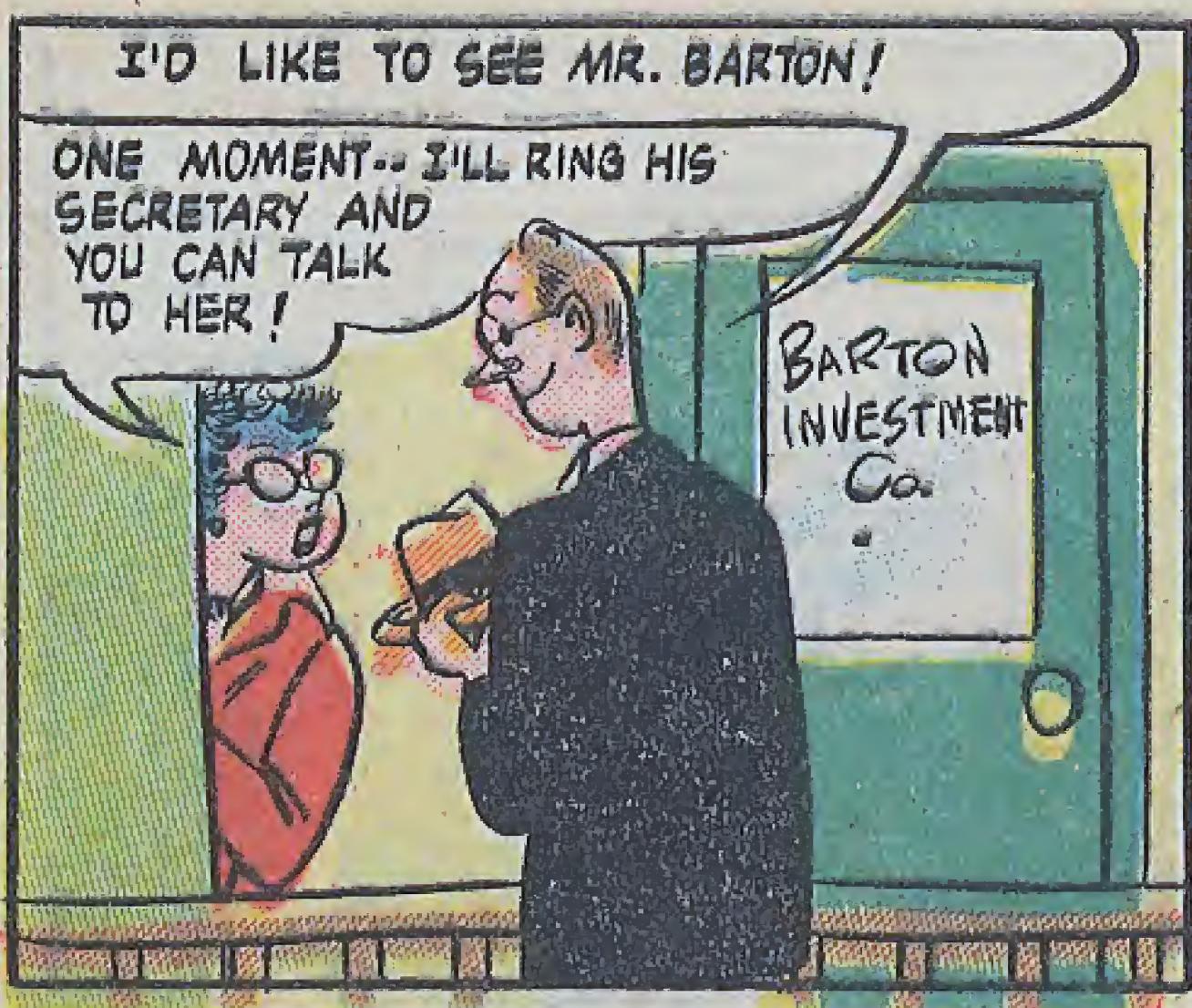


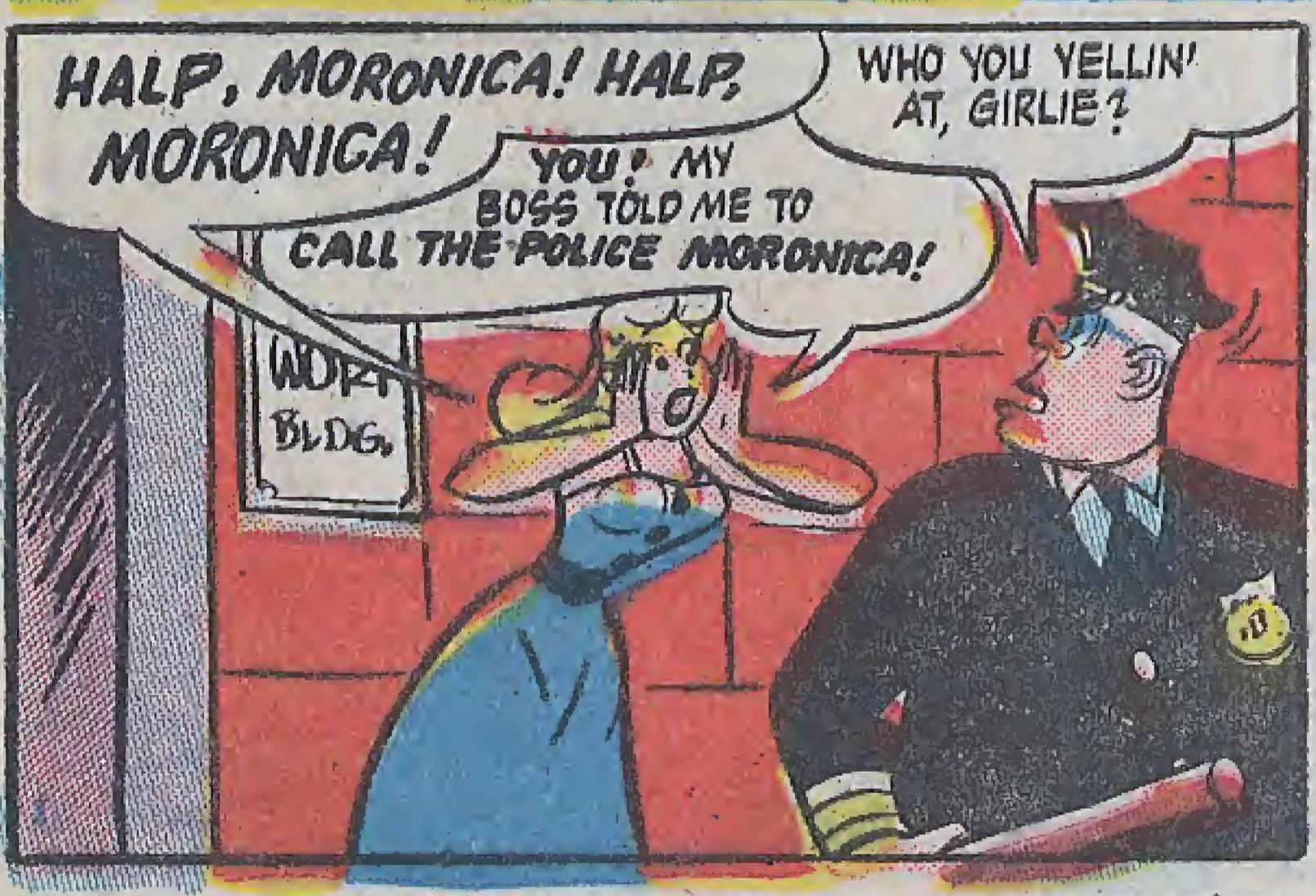


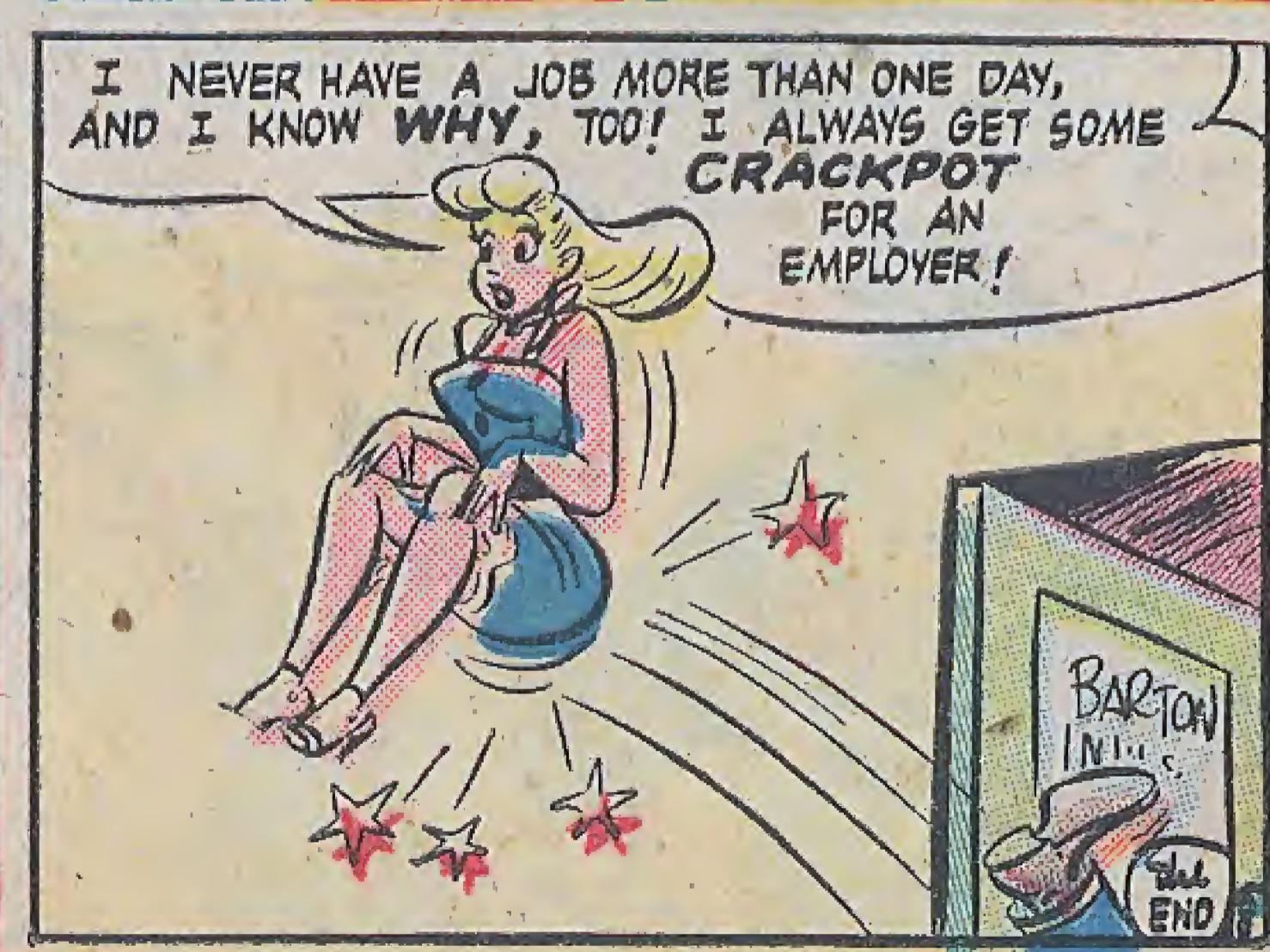
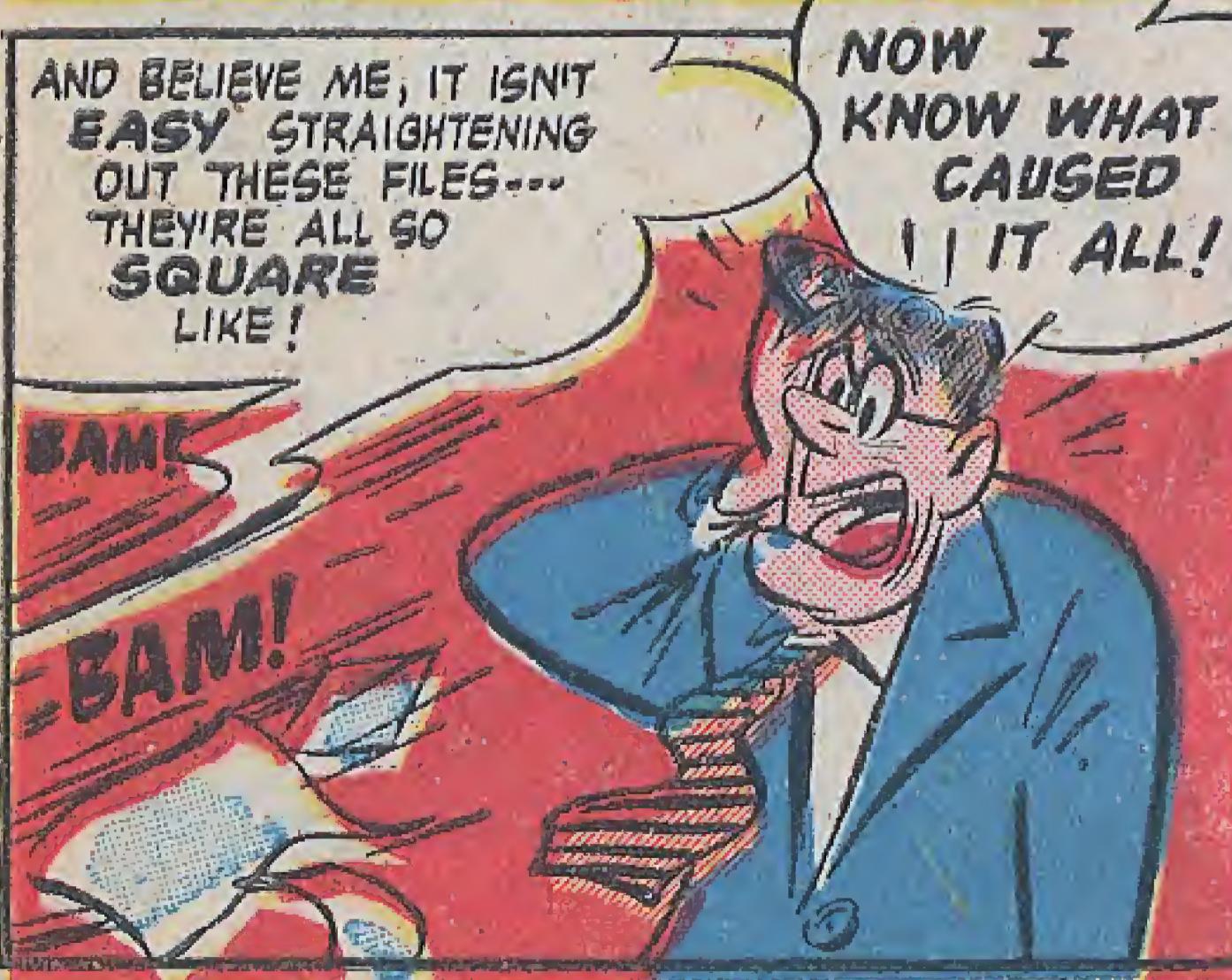
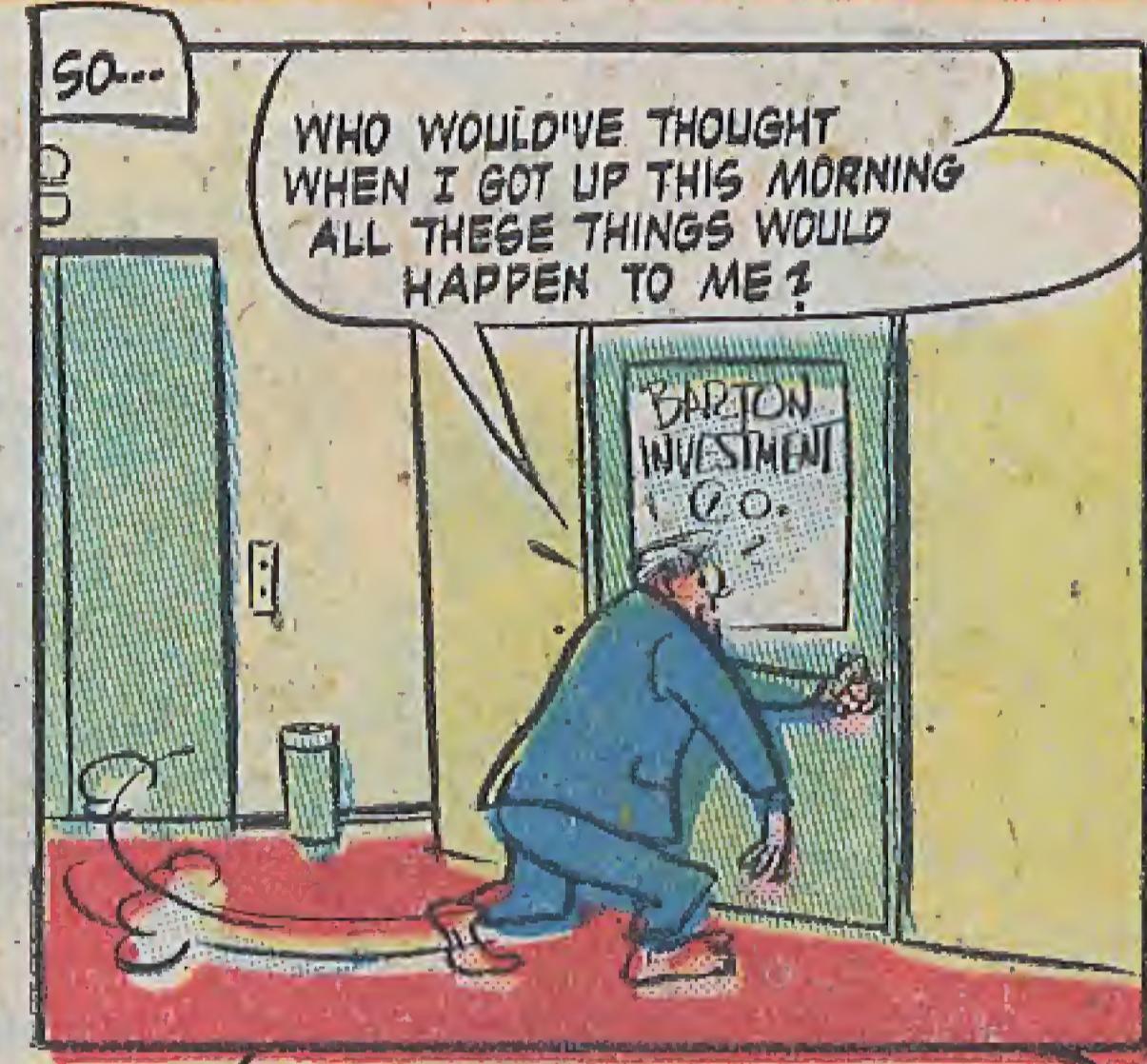


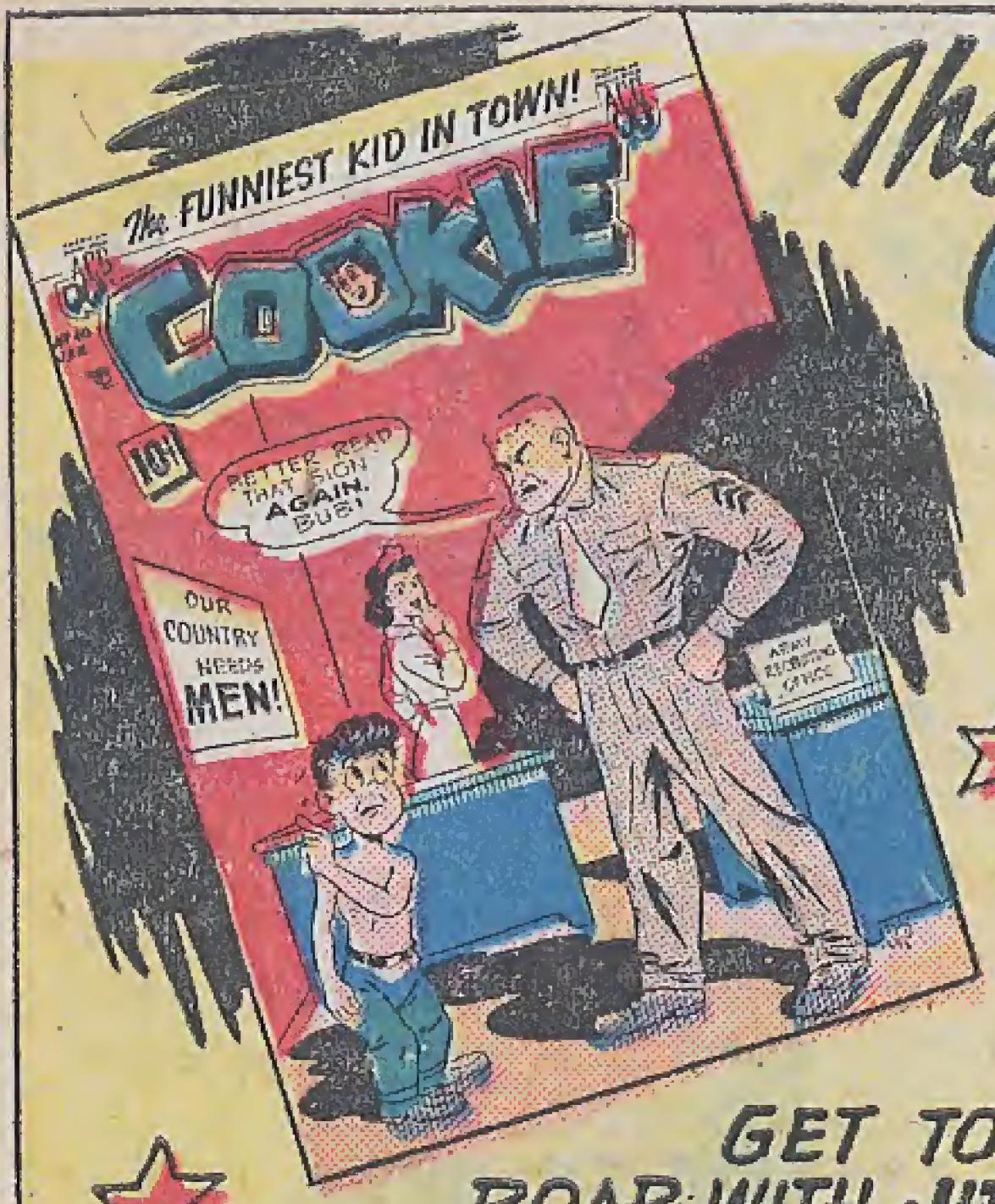












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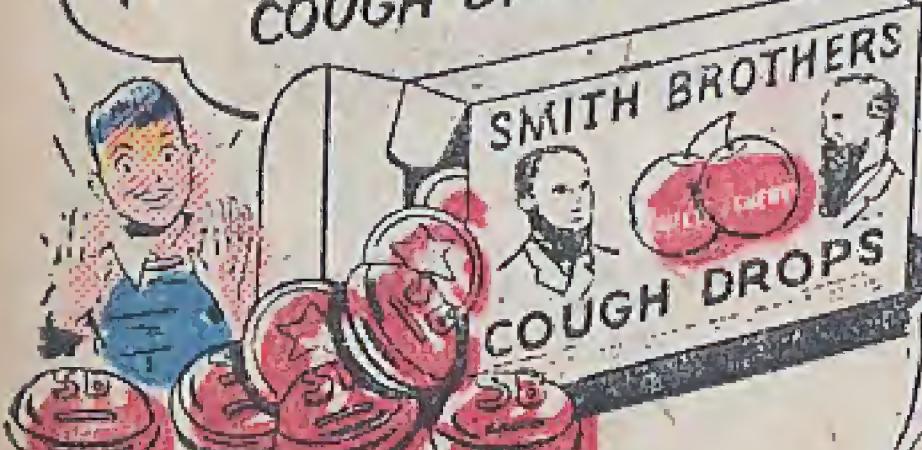
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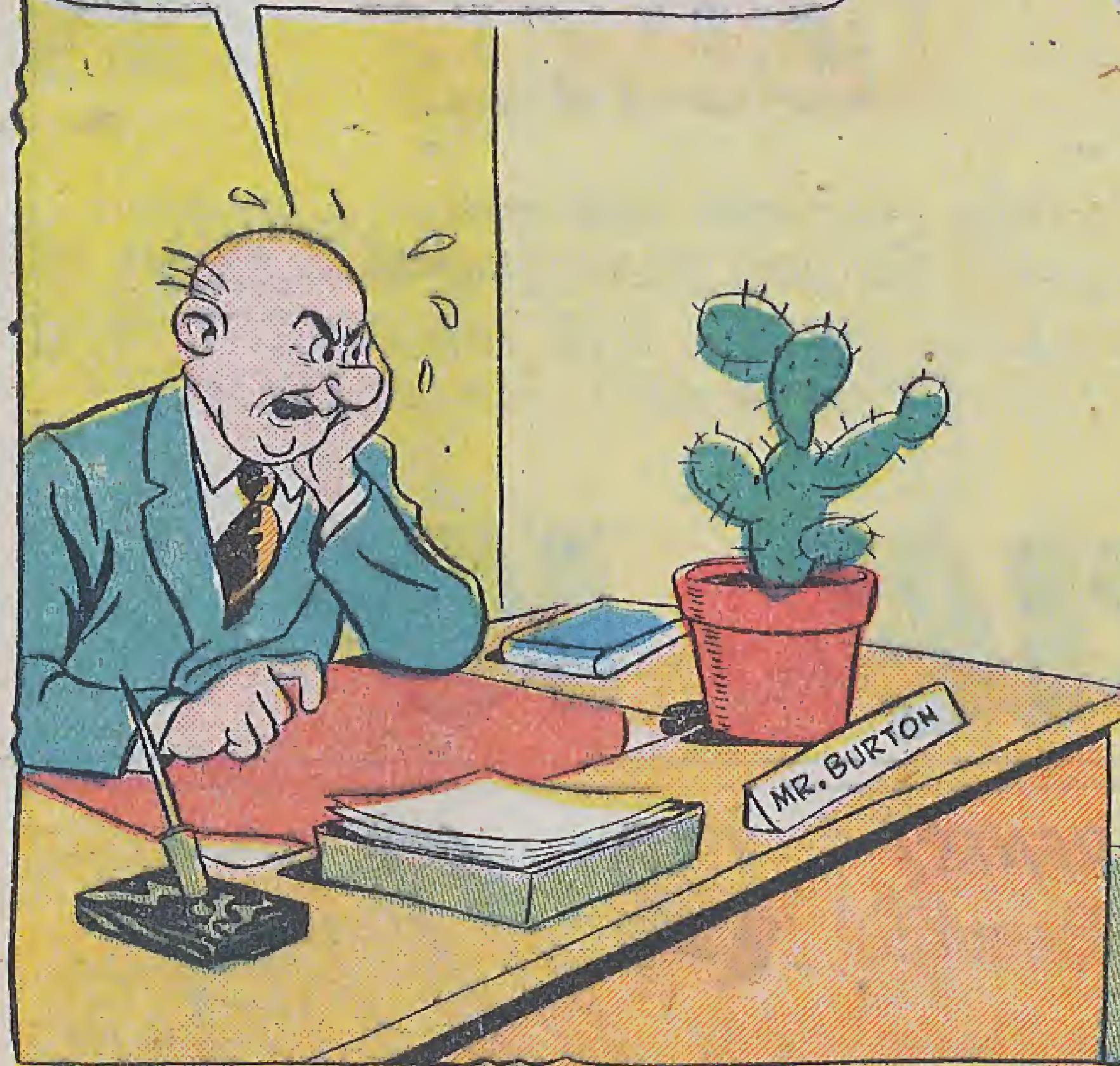
YOU'LL LOVE THESE
COUGH DROPS BEST, TOO!



BUTTONS

MISS TAKE FROM THE BOTANY CLASS
GAVE ME THIS **MONSTROSITY** FOR MY
DESK---AND I **HATE** IT! I'VE GOTTA GET
RID OF IT **SOMEHOW!** BUT HOW?

ER---PARDON ME, SIR! I JUST
WANTED TO TURN IN MY EXCUSE
FOR BEING ABSENT YESTERDAY!



OH! THANK YOU, BUTTONS!

OH-OH---I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

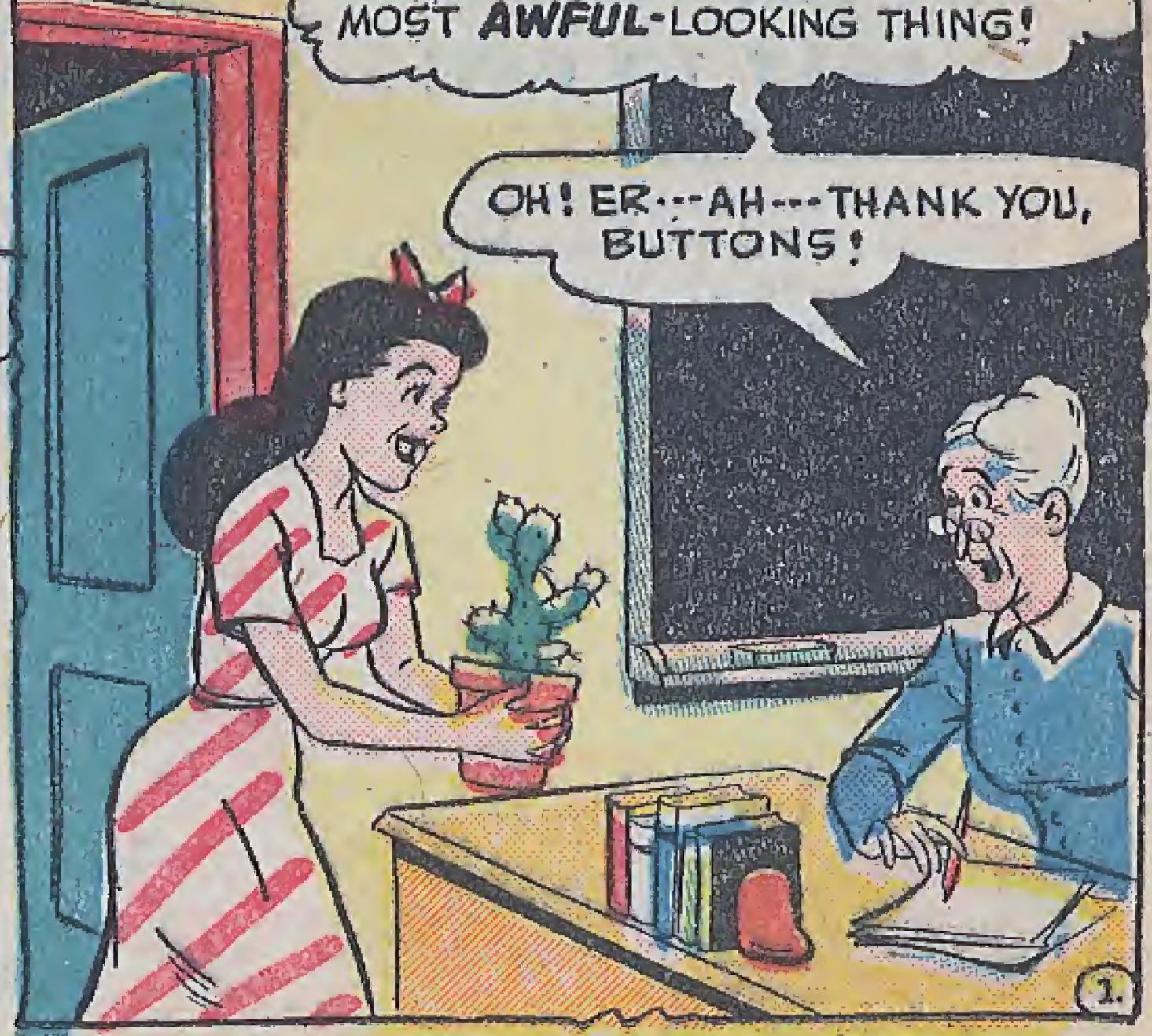
ONE MOMENT, BUTTONS! I'VE
NOTICED MISS ARCHER'S CLASS NEEDS
BRIGHTENING UP! SO ALTHOUGH I **HATE** TO
PART WITH IT, I WONDER IF YOU'D GIVE HER
THIS PLANT FOR HER ROOM?

OH, YES, SIR!
AND I THINK THAT'S
VERY NICE OF
YOU, TOO!

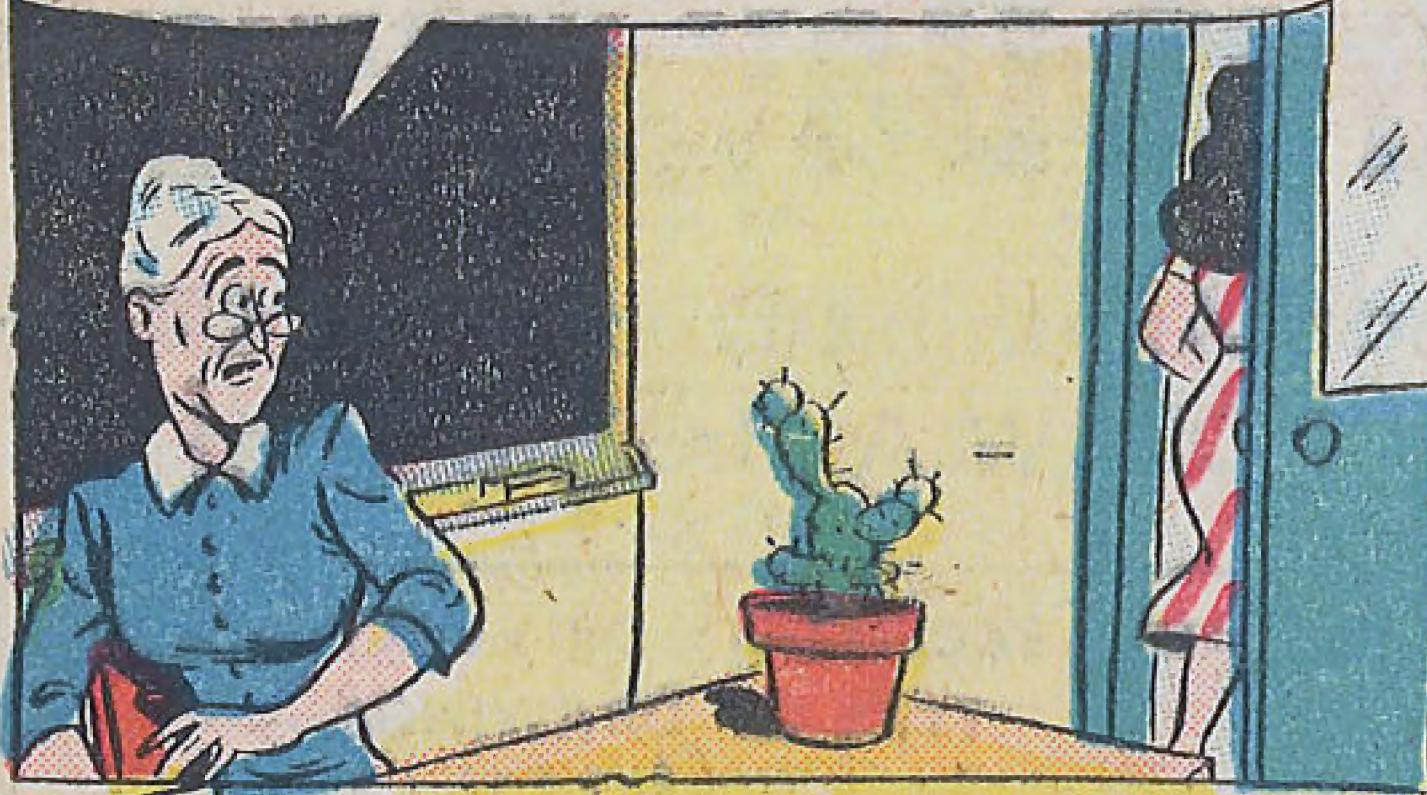
GOOD MORNING, MISS ARCHER! MR. BURTON
ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS PLANT! HE
SIMPLY **ADORES** IT, BUT HE THOUGHT YOU
NEEDED IT TO BRIGHTEN UP YOUR ROOM!

GOOD GRIEF! IF THAT ISN'T THE
MOST **AWFUL**-LOOKING THING!

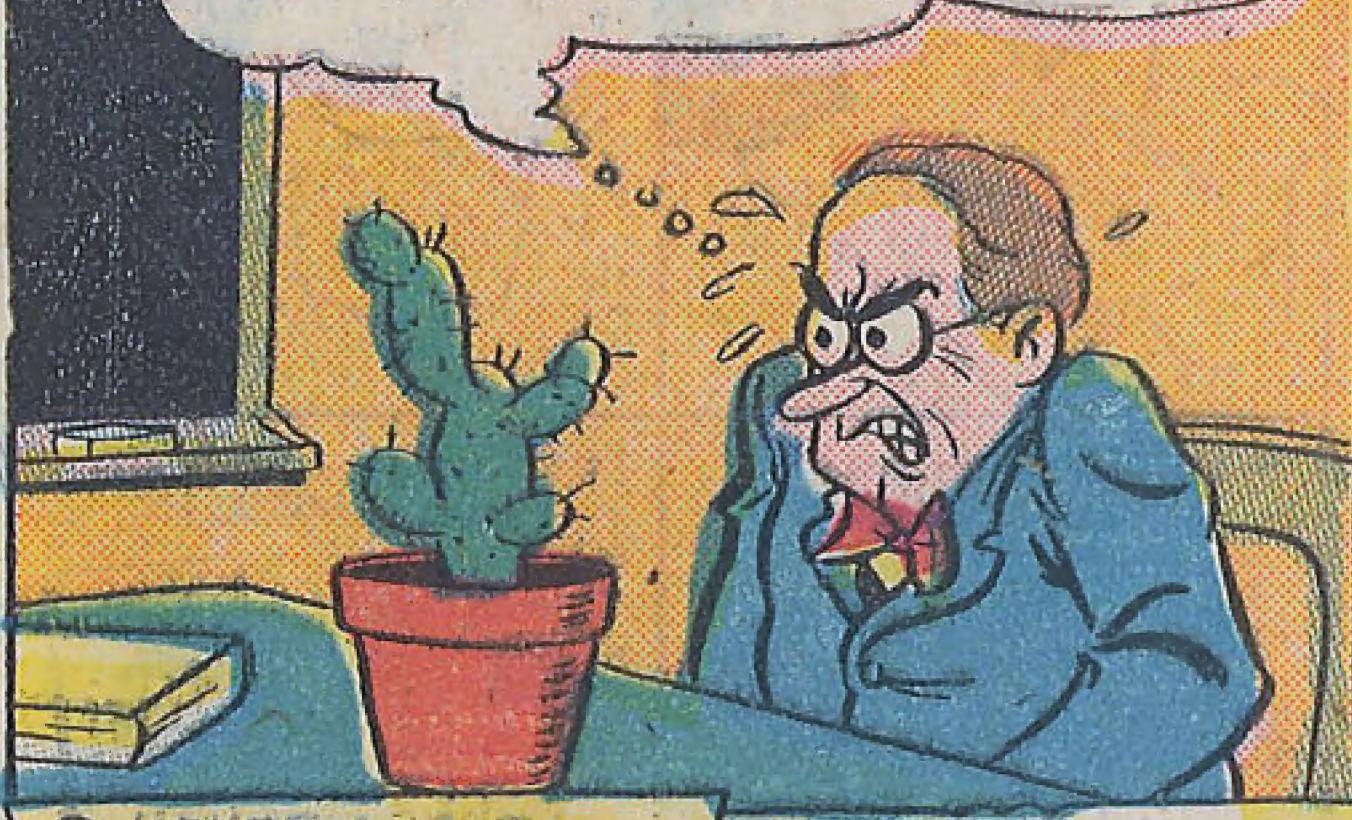
OH! ER---AH---THANK YOU,
BUTTONS!



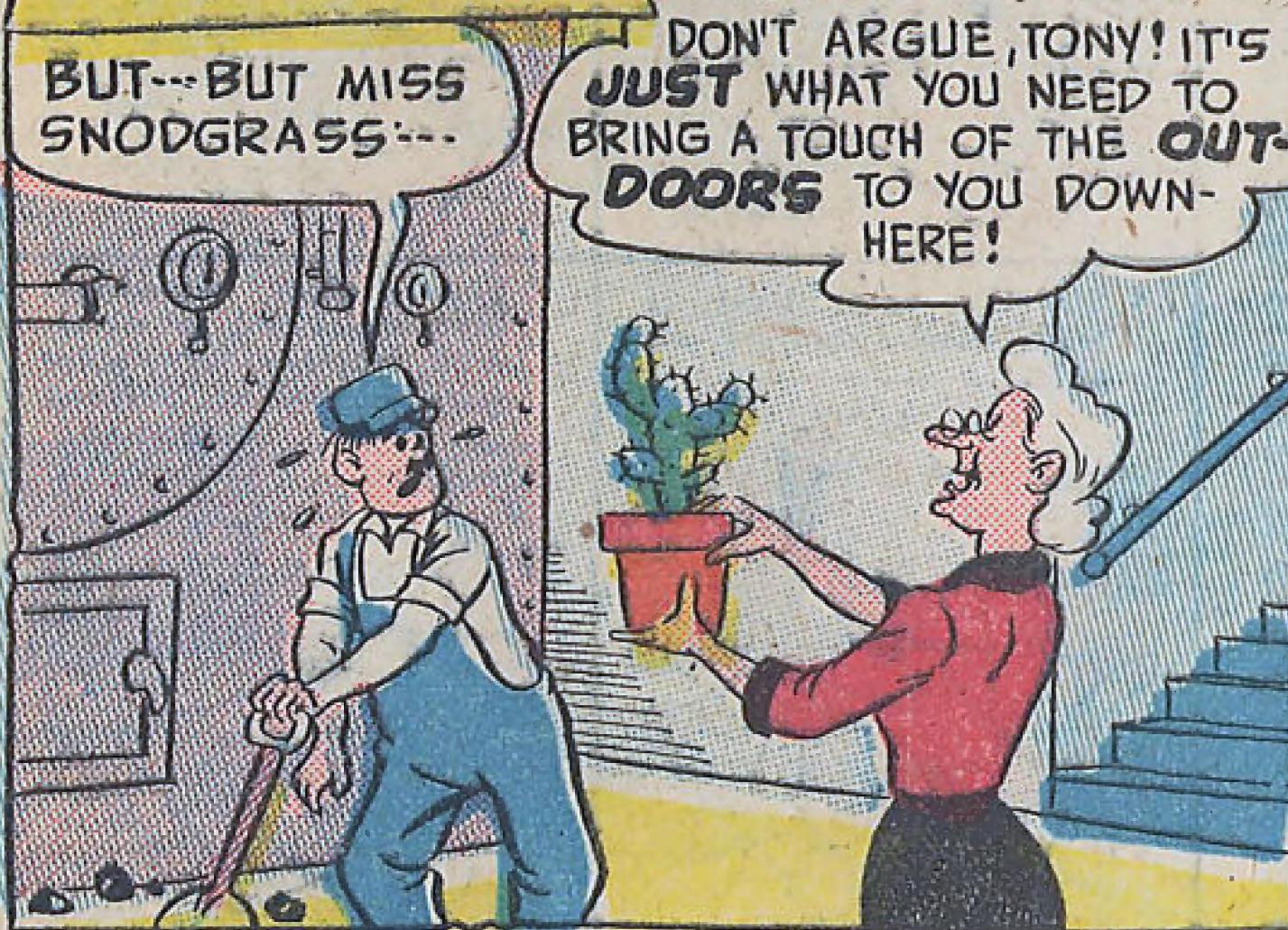
HMM! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! AS SOON AS CLASS IS DISMISSED I'LL RUN DOWN AND GIVE THIS TO TAYLOR! COULDN'T STAND IT AROUND ME VERY LONG WITHOUT KILLING IT! UGH!



SO... TAYLOR MUST BE TRYING TO BE FUNNY! I'M GETTING RID OF THIS THING FAST! I'LL GIVE IT TO MISS HORTON, DOWN IN GEOMETRY II!



2 HOURS LATER...

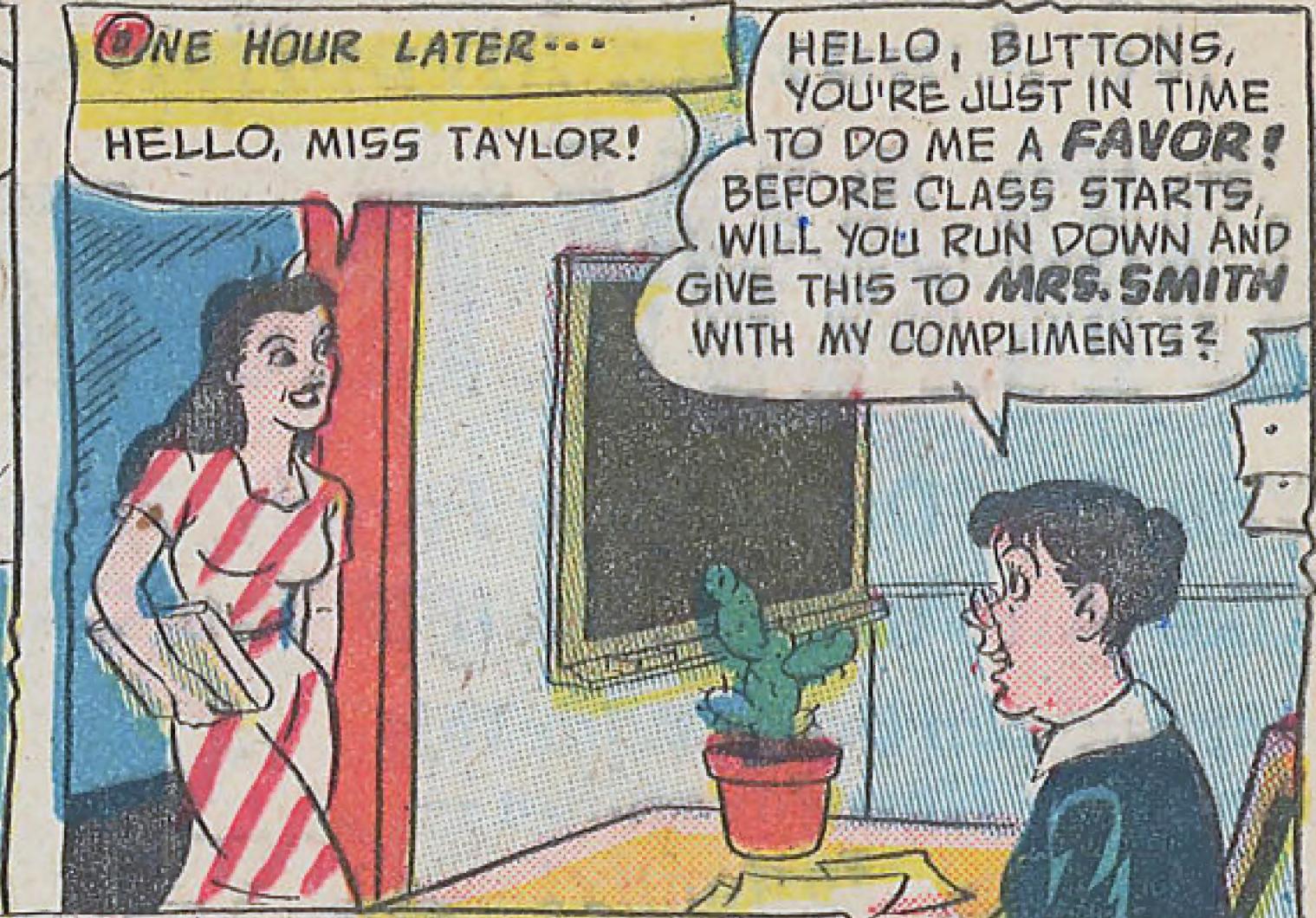


DON'T ARGUE, TONY! IT'S JUST WHAT YOU NEED TO BRING A TOUCH OF THE OUT-DOORS TO YOU DOWN-HERE!



YIPE! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?

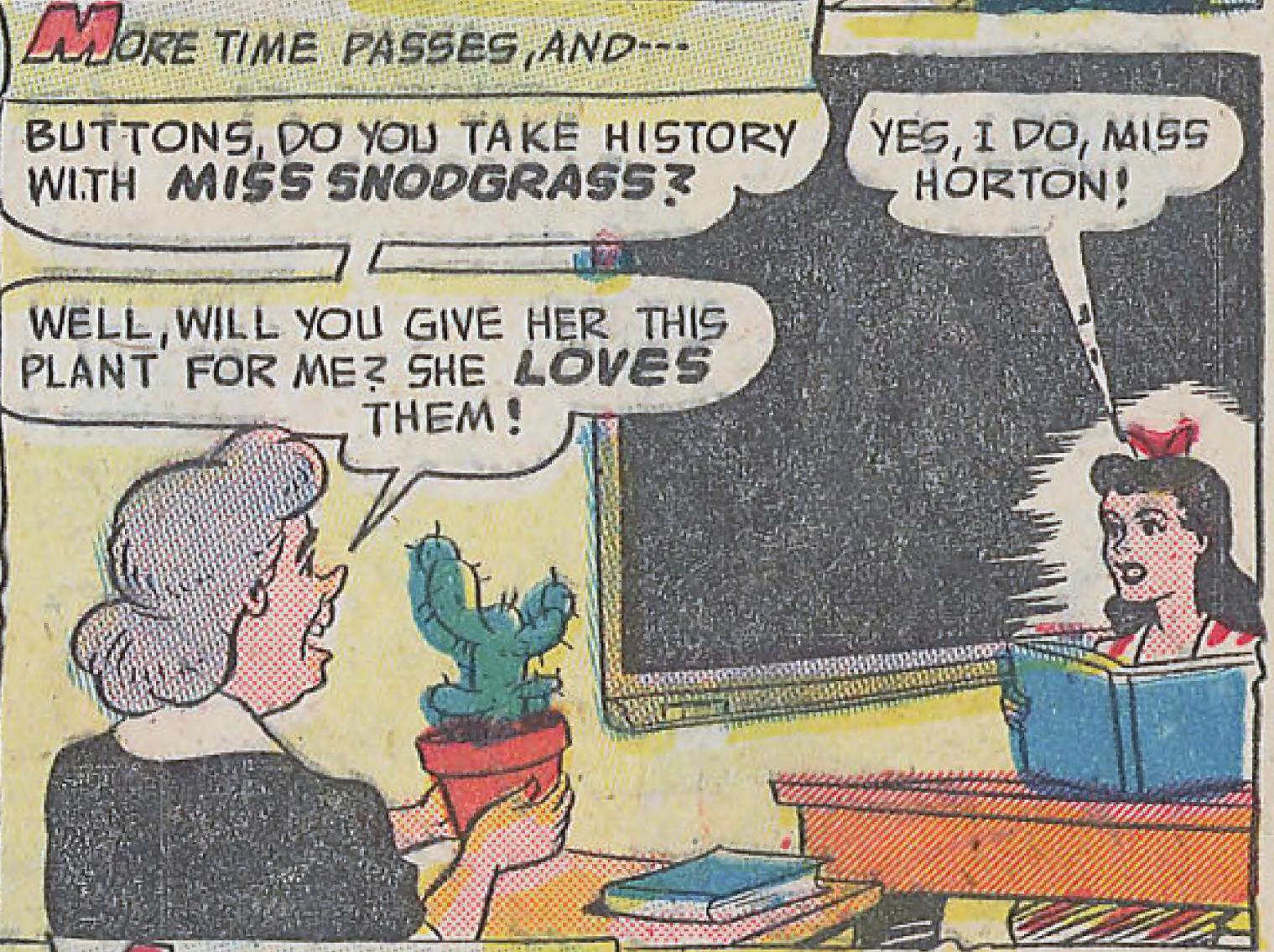
I GAVE IT TO YOU, MR. BURTON!



ONE HOUR LATER...

HELLO, MISS TAYLOR!

HELLO, BUTTONS. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO DO ME A FAVOR! BEFORE CLASS STARTS, WILL YOU RUN DOWN AND GIVE THIS TO MRS. SMITH WITH MY COMPLIMENTS?

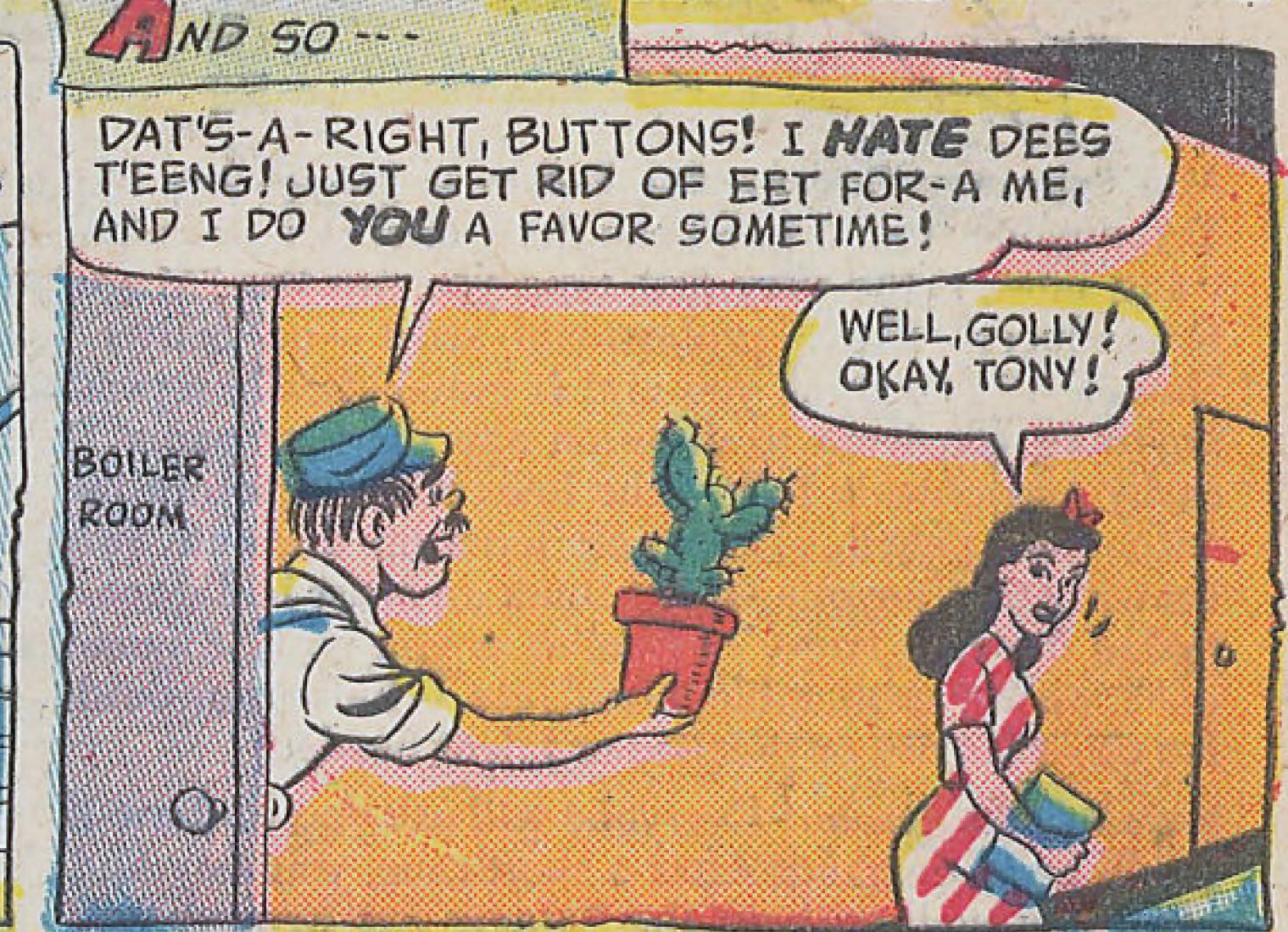


MORE TIME PASSES, AND...

BUTTONS, DO YOU TAKE HISTORY WITH MISS SNODGRASS?

YES, I DO, MISS HORTON!

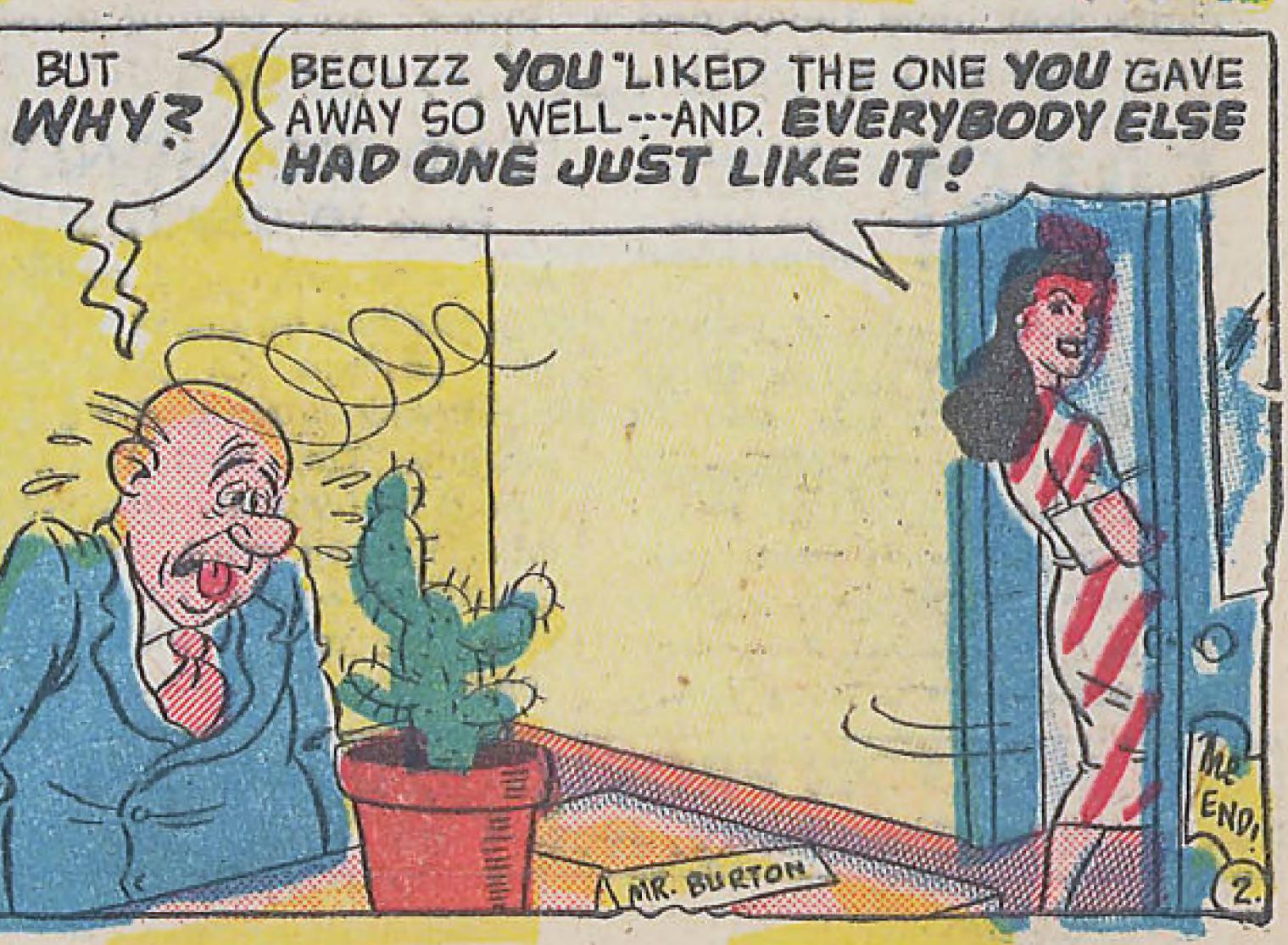
WELL, WILL YOU GIVE HER THIS PLANT FOR ME? SHE LOVES THEM!



AND SO...

DAT'S-A-RIGHT, BUTTONS! I HATE DEES T'EENG! JUST GET RID OF EET FOR-A ME, AND I DO YOU A FAVOR SOMETIME!

WELL, GOLLY! OKAY, TONY!



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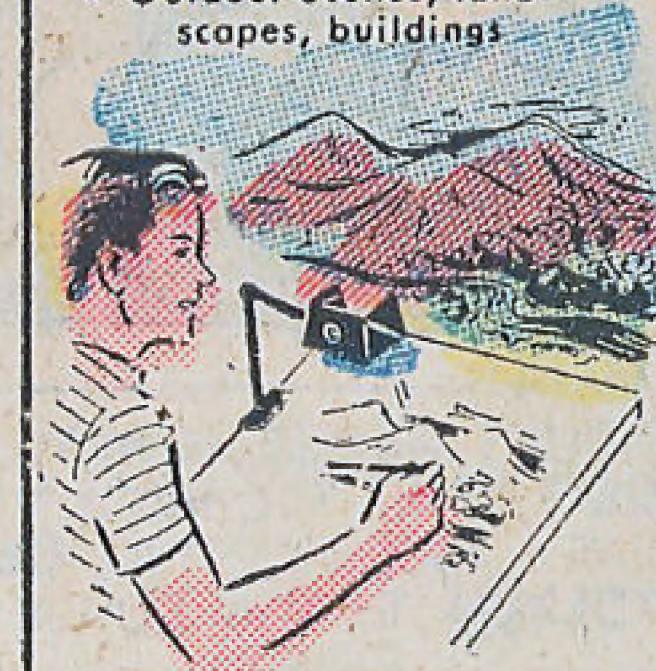
- Human Figures



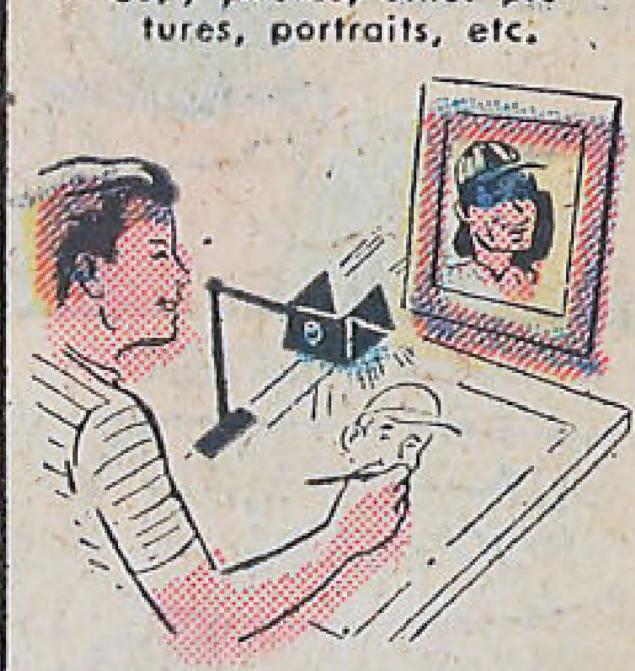
- Copy all cartoons, comics



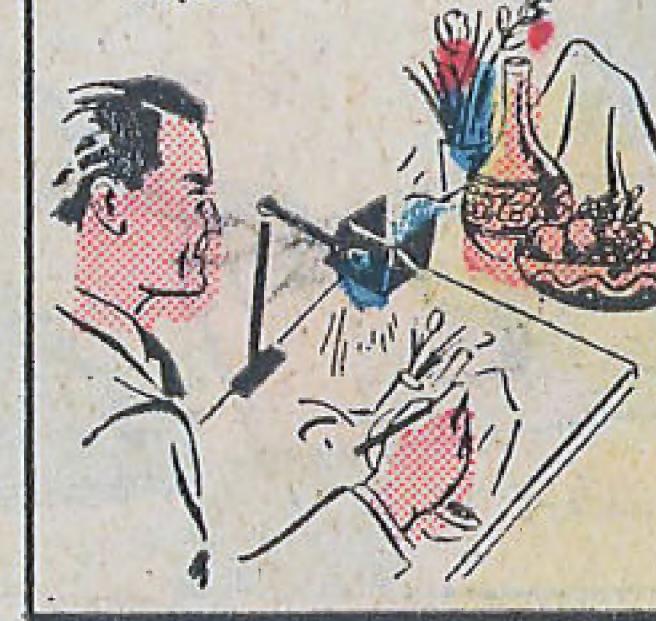
- Outdoor Scenes, landscapes, buildings



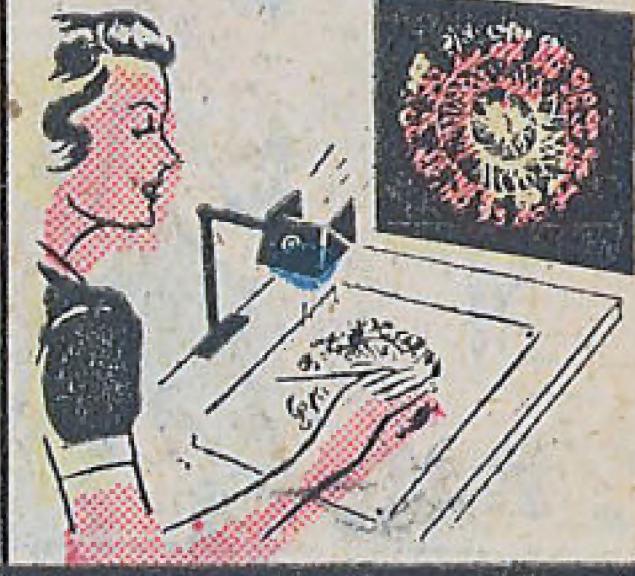
- Copy photos, other pictures, portraits, etc.



- Still life, vases, bowls of fruit, lamps, furniture, all objects



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DIZZY
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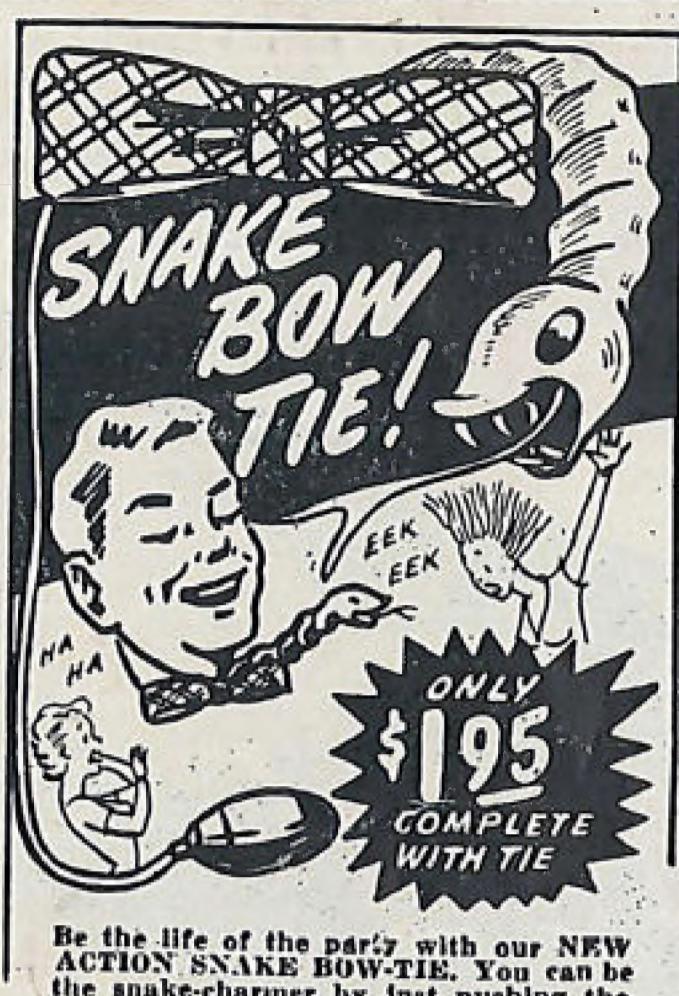


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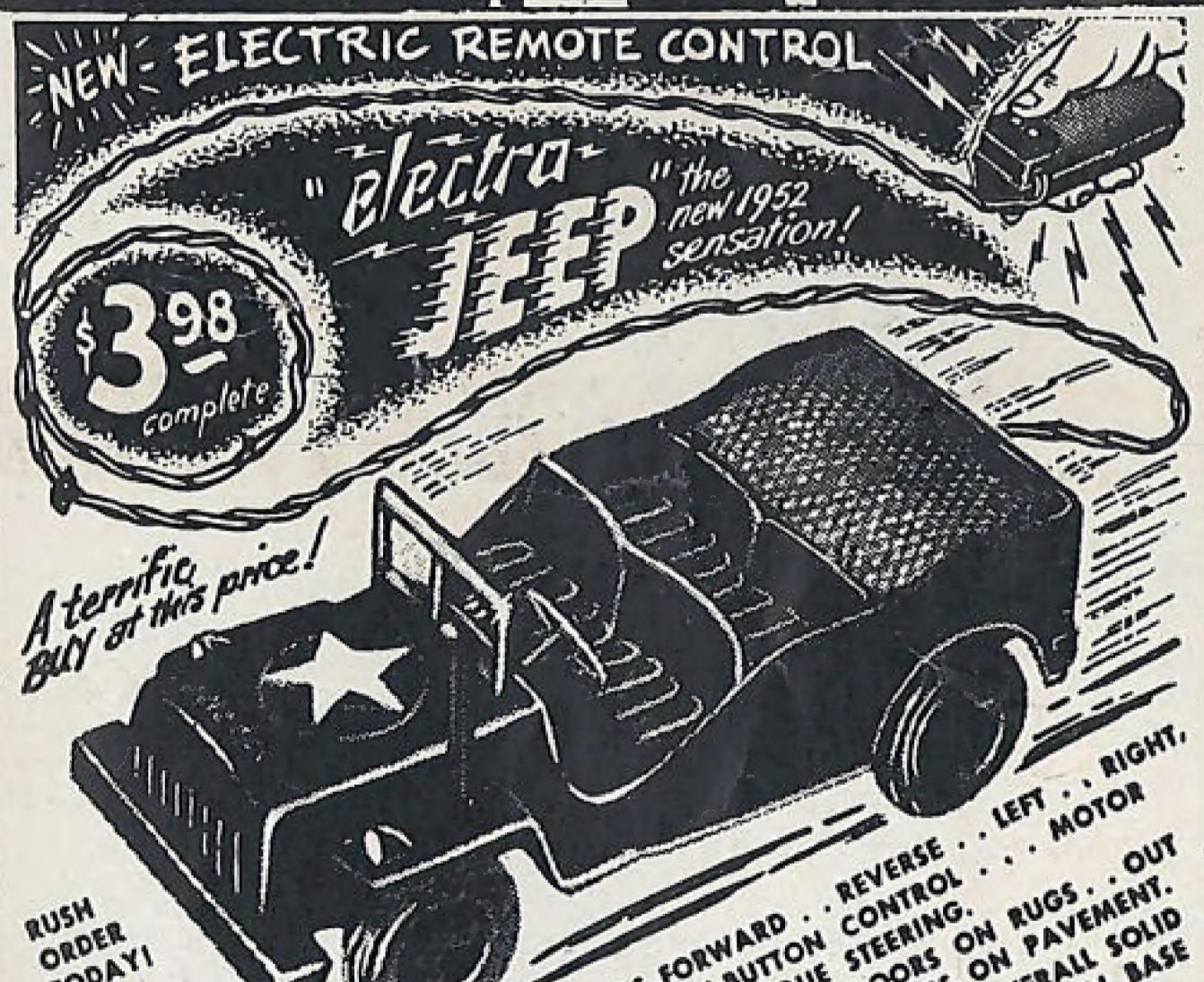
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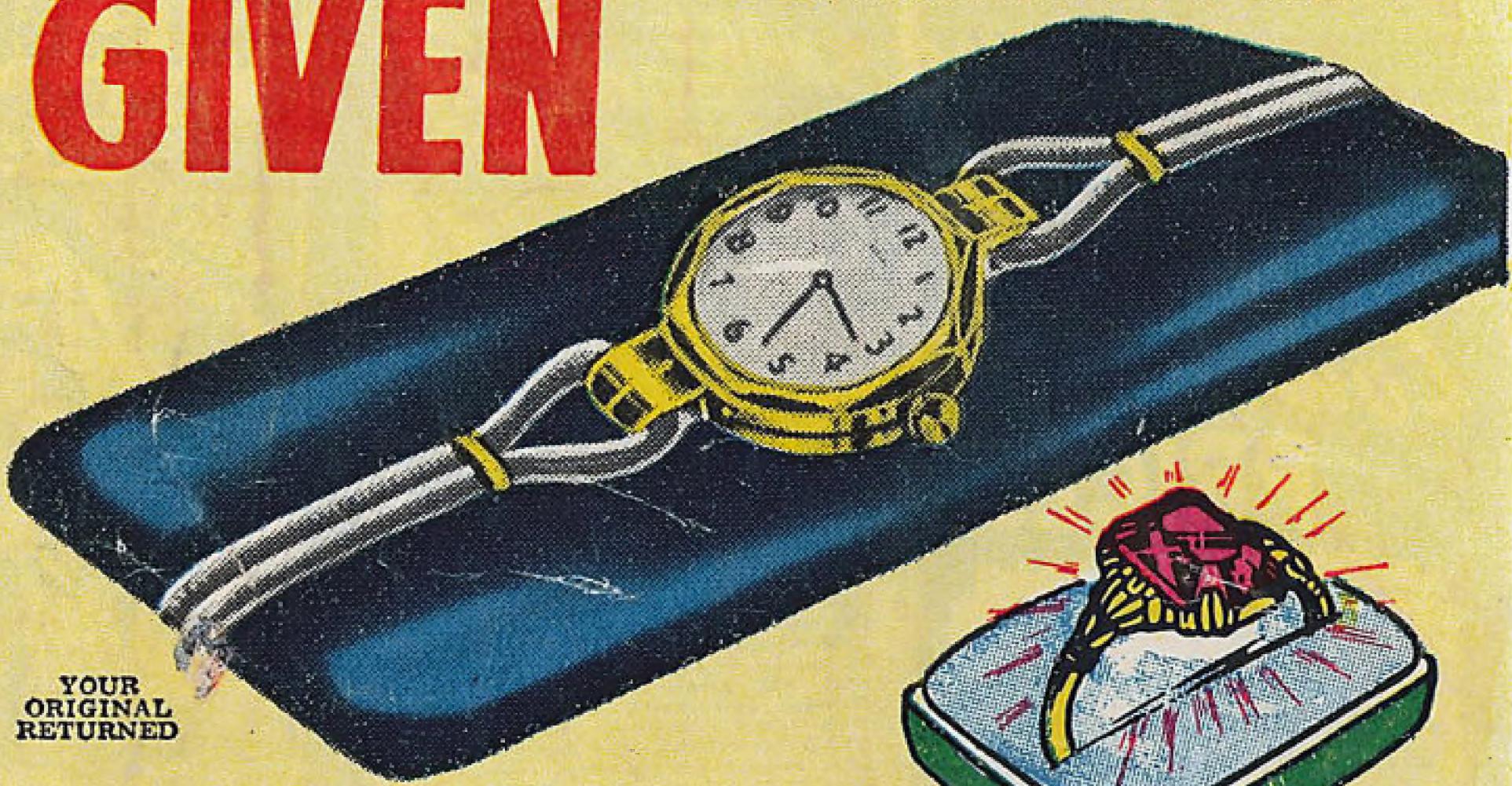
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